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CENTRAL ITALY.

ACCORDING to the *Constitutionnel*, certain journals have produced an impression that a bad feeling has arisen between France and England with reference to the Italian question. The semi-official French writer, after a diplomatic protest against so erroneous a suspicion, proceeds to show that the moderation of France, as well as her warlike energy, is misunderstood by her jealous and ungenerous neighbour. In other words, all prudent Englishmen disapproved of an unjust war, and now the whole nation unanimously censures a dishonest and unsatisfactory peace. The crime of a wanton rupture has been irrevocably perpetrated, and it seems not unreasonable to desire that the lawless disturbance of old relations should lead to practical results which may partially compensate for the establishment of a ruinous precedent. The aggrandizement of Piedmont and the emancipation of Lombardy are undoubtedly regarded in England with satisfaction; and there is some consolation for the abandonment of Venetia in the confession that there is a limit of prudence to the military ambition of France. The fate of the provinces north of the Po is settled for the present, and all practical discussion turns on the destiny which may be reserved for Parma, Modena, the Legations, and especially for Tuscany. The suggestion that a Power which deprecated the war is debarred from the right of sympathizing with the wishes of Central Italy is too unreasonable to require an answer. The reprobation which was called forth by the aggression of the spring is more than justified by the confusion and uncertainty of the autumn. The late English Ministers remonstrated against a violent attack on a territorial system which was in itself confessedly unpopular and oppressive. Their successors have to do with a new state of affairs, and they would be unpardonable if they were to use their influence except for the purpose of advancing the welfare and independence of Italy. The Duchies, and in some degree the Legations, are at present waiting for a recognised Government, and, for once, it seems possible to consult the interest of the community without the smallest violation of existing rights. France had no right to create such an anarchy, nor has she the right to shape it into a pernicious result. Austria has apparently withdrawn from the contest, and the exiled Princes, according to the modern interpretation of national law, are in no way entitled to demand, or even to accept, foreign interference on their behalf. There is really nothing to settle, except whether Central Italy shall be free; and there is too much reason to fear that France has determined to answer the question by a negative. If the long anarchy and the chronic helplessness of the Peninsula are unhappily perpetuated, the responsibility will rest with the Power which, at the termination of a wrongful war, refused, on selfish grounds, to provide itself with the excuse which a beneficent end might have supplied to unjustifiable means.

The arguments of the writer in the *Constitutionnel* against the annexation of the Duchies to Piedmont are rather derogatory than fallacious. Florence, Parma, and Modena will, it seems, "submit with difficulty, in spite of what is said to the contrary, to become nothing more than provincial towns in a kingdom of which Turin is the capital; and the Princes who are expelled to-day would be perhaps regretted at some day, more or less near." Precisely the same argument might have been used against the annexation of Lombardy, for Milan is a greater city than Florence, and incomparably better entitled to the rank of a capital than Parma or Modena. "Perhaps at some day, more or less near," the Archduke MAXIMILIAN may be regretted. Perhaps it is not easy in any human arrangement to escape the possibility of contingent drawbacks. The circumstance that the Duchies have already submitted to annexation with

Piedmont, not with difficulty, but by unanimous consent, is coolly passed over as immaterial to the question. Popular wishes seldom coincide wholly with the public interest, but in this instance both are to be deliberately postponed to objects which, although still unavowed, are every day becoming more transparent.

It is difficult to find a worse reason for a foregone conclusion than the repugnance of anxious petitioners to the concession of their own demand, but the French publicist is prepared with a still absurder argument to complete the climax of sophistry. "This is not all," he says; "it has not been considered that an additional province given to Piedmont destroys the equilibrium so happily established between her and the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. What took place in 1848, however, ought not to be forgotten. Is it not possible that the jealous rivalry which caused the Neapolitan troops to retrace their steps may again burst forth? Such an event would be serious, for it would, on a second occasion, bring with it a complete rupture between the two most powerful States of the Peninsula, and federation would become impossible." The balance of power in Europe has long been established in theory, but it is a new discovery that there need also be a balance of power between Piedmont and Naples. The "jealous rivalry" of the two States had nothing whatever to do with the recall of the Neapolitan army in 1848. FERDINAND II., when, under the pressure of popular agitation, he sent General PEPE to the Po, had fully determined to betray the Italian cause, as well as to violate his pledges to his own subjects. It was not until he had provoked and suppressed the disturbance of the 15th of May, that the perjured KING carried out his perfidious intention by betraying the common cause in the field. No equilibrium or preponderance in one scale or the other could have converted the Neapolitan BOURBON into an honest man or a patriotic Italian. As for the Federation, the people of Italy will adopt it or dispense with it as may be most advisable when they have once succeeded in emancipating themselves from dependence on foreign Powers. It is not by a chimerical equilibrium between Piedmont and Naples, but by the creation of a powerful kingdom of North Italy, that they have hoped to relieve themselves from the degrading patronage of France, as well as from the tyrannical encroachments of Austria. If the concurrence of England in their just desires engenders feelings of ill-will, it is better to incur unreasonable hostility than to become an accomplice in an unprofitable crime.

No French statesman can have seriously expected that Englishmen should view with equanimity intrigues which obviously tend to the establishment of a Bonapartist dynasty in Tuscany and the adjacent provinces. The candidature of Prince NAPOLEON, though never openly proclaimed, has been plainly indicated by the conduct of his chief, both before and after the peace of Villafranca. It is uncertain whether the projected arrangement formed a secret clause in the marriage contract, nor is it known whether VICTOR EMMANUEL is hampered by his own assent to a proposal which may have been the stipulated price of French assistance. The mission of the supposed pretender to Florence at the very crisis of the war must have had a political purpose; and his arrival at the Imperial head-quarters curiously coincided with the sudden conclusion of peace. It is possible that the project may have been interrupted by the promise that the Dukes should be restored, but the refusal of the Assemblies to receive the fugitives seems to have been considered as an opportunity for renewing the scheme of French aggrandizement. It seems now to be thought possible that, in despair of obtaining annexation to Piedmont, the patriotic leaders may prefer an upstart intruder to the Princes whom their conduct has irretrievably offended. Of all possible arrangements, the

establishment of Prince NAPOLEON as King or Grand-Duke of the Tuscan provinces would be most utterly distasteful to England.

It is idle to pretend that a French Prince, even if he were inclined to emancipate himself from Imperial tutelage, could become independent as an Italian potentate. When LOUIS XIV. sent his grandson to Spain, he told him that his first duty was to the head of his house; and it was on the same occasion that he boasted that the Pyrenees had ceased to exist. NAPOLEON treated JOSEPH and LOUIS, JEROME and JOACHIM MURAT as his prefects, directing all the details of their domestic policy, and disposing of their armies as his own. With a NAPOLEON on the throne of Florence, Leghorn would be as much a French harbour as Toulon, and the weakness of a dynasty without any root in the soil would offer additional facilities for foreign supervision and interference. It is because the wretched Papal Government is a degrading tyranny that Rome is held by a French garrison, and that Civita Vecchia is already a French fortress and naval station. With Tuscany reduced into a foreign province, and Naples threatened with a Bonapartist pretender, Genoa would be the only Italian outlet on the western coast of the Peninsula. When the system is complete, the bad feeling which is erroneously supposed to exist between England and France may not impossibly become more substantial and permanent.

A MINISTERIAL NAVVY.

IN the heyday of railway speculation, Sir ROBERT PEEL turned the first sod of the Trent Valley railroad. There was a strange gravity and significance about the most trifling thing to which the great leader, not of a party, but of the nation, put his hand. To that whimsical ceremony and the speech which accompanied it the grandeur and the collapse of railway enterprise have been supposed to be in great measure due. The policy of the State in such matters was at that time full of uncertainty. It was a moot point whether the growing speculation ought to be fostered or checked—whether private enterprise was to have full swing to carry out its schemes, in its own vigorous but spasmodic fashion, or whether an emergency had arisen which called for Government interference to regulate the action of projectors and check the frenzy of the Stock Exchange. The question was practically decided on the day when Sir ROBERT PEEL broke the first ground of the Tamworth line. From that time forth it was understood that the influence of the most powerful statesmen of modern times was thrown into the scale of private enterprise. To save half an hour in the journey from London to Liverpool was declared to be an object worthy of all encouragement; and the risks of excessive speculation were accepted as preferable to the cramping restraint of Government control. Both evil and good came of this determination, and while the holders of railway property have sometimes charged the policy of Sir ROBERT PEEL with the misfortunes which resulted from their own sanguine speculations, the country has to congratulate itself on a development of the system of communication the benefit of which has probably outweighed the losses of shareholders and the temporary disasters of the great railway crisis.

History, they say, never repeats itself, and though another Prime Minister has taken up the shovel and barrow to inaugurate a similar undertaking, the occasion, instead of proving a turning-point in our industrial progress, is chiefly memorable for the skill in navvyship which Lord PALMERSTON is said to have displayed. One may read the description of the noble owner of Broadlands turning out with "a rather youthful appearance and a tight-fitting dress coat, ornamented with brass buttons," and handling his spade and his barrow with the jaunty air of an experienced navvy, without the least misgiving as to any great events which may develop themselves out of the exhibition. If the Tamworth celebration was the first act of a momentous drama, the Broadlands parody is the farce that follows. As solemnity to fun, as PEEL to PALMERSTON, so was the first sod turned in the Trent Valley to the barrowful of earth which marks the commencement of the Andover and Redbridge Railway. Everything was in perfect keeping—an unadulterated joke from beginning to end. The railway itself, starting three miles from one station, to terminate twelve miles short of another, is almost as funny a scheme as *Punch's* pet line, which debouched in the centre of Wormwood Scrubs. The PREMIER, of course, was funny, as a noble navvy in a tight dress-coat could scarcely fail to be; and

the Jeames of the *Post* has manufactured some of his best facetiae to put into the mouths of the Broadlands party. The intuitive acquisition of the art of barrow-driving, and the agile trot of the PRIME MINISTER as he returned between the shafts of his empty machine, were, of course, hugely amusing to the privileged audience; and if newspaper reporters are to be trusted, a slight change of costume, and a short dhudeen were all that could be wanted to convert the noble digger into the perfect semblance of a genuine navvy. We only hope that gravity was duly restored when the satisfactory performance was followed by the prayer with which the rector of Romsey wound up the proceedings. Of course there could be no meeting without a speech, no speech without a dinner; and no one can doubt that the orations of the PREMIER were in perfect harmony with the rest of the excellent jest. It was rather hard to exact two speeches for the honour of emptying one barrow-load of earth, but orators without a subject may learn something by studying the light-handed skill with which Lord PALMERSTON can manufacture rhetorical pastry for country palates. All the stock ingredients were thrown in with an exquisite delicacy which made the old seem new. There was a taste of the philosophy of dinners, an entirely new and startling effect known as the triumph of modern industry over the memorials of Roman greatness, and a very bold congratulation of the railway world on the enormous capital which it had contrived to sink. Beautiful comparisons between the moral government of Providence and the laws of the material universe gave the requisite dash of sentiment, and a little spice of science for the ladies made the compound perfect. One marvellous discovery would have been welcomed as a novelty even by the plodding philosophers of Aberdeen:—"The thunderbolt" (whatever that curiosity may be), "the natural element which inspires terror in the ignorant, guided by the science of the present time, carries your ideas rapidly and instantaneously from point to point," &c.; and what is perhaps more creditable than all, the same physical prodigy actually winds up Lord PALMERSTON's speech in a blaze of moral and scientific fireworks, without once being guilty of "annihilating time and space." Perhaps the time was scarcely opportune for the parallel disquisition on steam "converted into the humble slave of man." But a railway speech would not go down without the due amount of appropriate colouring; and if the chance rebellion of the humble slave on board of the *Great Eastern* crossed the mind of the orator, it was thrown into the shade by the portentous calamities ascribed to the natural and untamed energies of steam. Was it not "the expansive and explosive force which, in its unregulated operation, lays waste districts by the overflowing volcano, or spreads desolation over cities by the earthquake," and does it not carry you safely to the ends of the earth? Who would have thought that so much science could be got out of the first sod of an unnecessary railway? But the compliments and congratulations to the directors were perhaps the most masterly part of the performance. One can scarcely help suspecting a sly joke in the laudation bestowed on the projectors who had put down their money for a scheme which was tried in the great railway year of 1846, and abandoned as hopeless—then started again in 1857, and once more given up—and now actually commenced in 1859, with the singular modification of having both ends of the line cut off from communication with any existing railway. Then what an admirable point was made of the canal! Redbridge and Andover have long been connected, it seems, by a canal, which for some reason or other no one has ever used. There could not therefore be a more reasonable project than the construction of a railway between those important localities. If the canal had succeeded, it would have been cruel to cut it up by a railway; but as it had turned out a dead failure, who could doubt, as Lord PALMERSTON observed, that the railway would be of infinitely greater advantage than the canal had hitherto proved itself to be? Thus can oratory extract good out of evil, and find the elements of hope in the evidence of failure. Admirable art! and never more admirable than when it soothes the misgivings of doubtful shareholders, and charms the ears of all with the choicest morsels of optimist philosophy and apocryphal science.

If the affairs of the world could be ruled by after-dinner speeches, England would hold unquestioned sway—France would no longer be jealous of perfidious Albion—perhaps the Emperor of CHINA would cordially hob-nob with a British Ambassador—and little Hindoos, born in the perfection of

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human nature, would grow up in affectionate devotion to the Throne of a Christian QUEEN. If they could once be brought to listen to our light-hearted PREMIER in his genial vein, the saturnine ruler of France, the young bigot of Austria, and perhaps even the exiled pretenders to Italian thrones, would gently acquiesce in the pleasant and contented optimism which flows so convincingly from Lord PALMERSTON'S lips. Could there only be a Congress at Broadlands, the sourest of diplomatists would become an enthusiastic apostle of universal concord. No lowering clouds can cast a shadow on the cheerfulness of a Minister who, in the midst of European complication and Asiatic disaster loses not a particle of his native fun, and whose serene philosophy is at hand on little as on great occasions, to cast its sunshine over the fears and the struggles which chequer the lot of ordinary men. It is good to be merry and wise, they say; and if we live under a Premier whose wisdom is tintured with the fun of a WIDDICOMB, why should we complain if the keenest of diplomatists can enjoy the joke of performing the part of an amateur navvy.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

THE difficulties of the Chinese question, various and complicated as they are, may probably clear themselves up by degrees, and in the meantime it is useless to dogmatize on the policy to be adopted in future. The Cabinet fortunately includes among its members the author and legitimate interpreter of the late Treaty, so that the orders which may be issued will be founded on the best available information. Lord ELGIN'S colleagues, however, will not fail to remember that his brother is mainly responsible for the attempt which has resulted in so serious a disaster. When an Ambassador requests a naval officer to provide him with the means of accomplishing his mission, it is reasonable to expect that the demand will be answered by an immediate resort to active hostilities. As Mr. BRUCE was intimately associated with all the measures of his kinsman and predecessor, it may be inferred that Lord ELGIN would also have been prepared to insist on the right of forcing a passage to Peking. If the Chinese Government really acquiesced in the same understanding, the adoption of the necessary means for repairing the late defeat will be as justifiable as it is, under any circumstances, inevitable. It is useless to dilate on the misfortune of a repulse, on the necessity of a fresh war, and on the grave inconvenience of a co-operation with the least candid and generous of allies. The Crimea and the former hostilities in China have shown that the French are incapable of recognising military merit in Englishmen. The journals which claimed for their petty contingent the honour of taking Canton will not fail to monopolize any credit which may be earned in an expedition where the French forces are equal or superior to the English army; and there is too much reason to fear that the jealousies and misrepresentations which must be expected to arise between the Allies will furnish a pretext and encouragement for a future rupture. But for the presence of M. BOURBOULON and his escort with the English squadron, the unwelcome and burdensome assistance of France might have been courteously declined. It is now impossible to dispute the equal right of both nations to a share in the prosecution of the quarrel; but the inconvenience of common action furnishes a strong additional reason for localizing and confining the war, and for bringing it, if possible, to an early termination.

It may be admitted that, according to the European law of nations, Admiral HOPE'S attack on the Tiensing-ho forts would be regarded as a questionable proceeding. Among civilized States the right of commencing hostilities to enforce the stipulations of a treaty belongs to the aggrieved Government, and not to its naval or military commanders. The refusal to receive an Ambassador at Lisbon, if his right of admission were founded on an express contract, might justify diplomatic remonstrances, or even a declaration of war, but it would certainly not authorize the Minister's escort to force a passage into the Tagus. As a general rule, only acts of violence, such as the capture of a vessel or the occupation of a territory, can be at once repelled by such methods. No admiral or general, without special orders, would attempt to exact by a threat of hostilities the performance of the plainest contract or the payment of the most undisputed debt. If China were on the same footing with Russia, Austria, or the United States, the English Government would be compelled to disavow Admiral HOPE'S proceedings, and to acquiesce in a misfortune which had originated in an inde-

fensible encroachment. It is on this ground, and on the assumption that all political communities are entitled to the same consideration, that the organs of the Peace party will object to the operations on which the Government has, perhaps, already determined.

The basis of political jurisprudence is so uncertain and fluctuating that it is difficult to say how far its doctrines apply to relations with barbarous or half-civilized States. All laws, except those which regulate the special rights and duties of particular classes, assume the equality of those who are subjected to reciprocal and equal obligations. Before the existing skeleton of an international code could be recognised as in any degree binding, it was necessary to establish the theoretical equality and independence of all civilized sovereign States, and the earlier jurists further confined their maxims to the limits of Christendom. The final admission of Turkey within the pale of European comity was never formally completed before the date of the treaty which terminated the Russian war. That China is independent and sovereign may be readily admitted, but a nation which has never acknowledged the obligations of Western morality has no claim to insist on a participation in European rights. At this moment, Chinese institutions prevent a diplomatic attempt to renew the peace which was only disturbed through the repugnance of the Imperial Government to establish friendly relations with foreigners. Public jurisprudence, as it exists in text-books, is curiously compounded of morality and of positive law; and it is difficult, even in ordinary controversies, to distinguish between violations of legal rights and failures to discharge supposed obligations of conscience. In transactions with a foreign country placed in the anomalous position of China, there are additional impediments to the clear separation of ethical and legal duties. In keeping faith, in following the dictates of humanity, and in all the principles of social intercourse, it is obviously proper for Europeans to be guided by their own moral code. On the other hand, political relations must be regulated with reference to the character of the Chinese Government, and English policy must, not adopt, but take into consideration, the practices and modes of thought with which it has to deal. The Imperial Government of Peking may not improbably disavow—as, in fact, it has done, according to a statement in the French journals—the resistance which was successfully carried out by the Mandarins; for the low vitality of the nation renders partial hostilities and local quarrels possible in cases where European States have only the option of perfect peace or of general war. If it was the fault of the Chinese that a friendly Embassy required the protection of a powerful escort, the authorities were as fully bound to admit the English squadron into the Tiensing-ho as to allow Mr. BRUCE to fulfil his mission; and in this case the only remaining question is, whether it was possible to obtain redress by negotiation before a resort to actual force. The English Ambassador is supported by the concurrence of his French colleague in the conclusion that the refusal to fulfil the treaty was equivalent to an actual declaration of war. The diplomatic agents who might have subsequently conveyed the remonstrances of the Government would have been equally debarred from access to the capital; and on the whole, there can scarcely be a doubt that the Chinese had deliberately determined to risk the renewal of the recent struggle. If the English nation acquiesced in the defeat, all the remaining results of the late war would be immediately annulled by the presumptuous confidence of the Chinese.

The argument that the presence of an Ambassador at Peking is incompatible with the fundamental institutions of the Empire may be compared to the conscientious objections of crotchety tax-payers to the imposition of some particular rate. If it was allowable to concede the promise, it must be practicable to keep it; nor is it generally prudent to defer to real or alleged prejudices and scruples. There have hitherto been no Ambassadors at Peking, because no foreign country has been able to compel the Chinese to receive them. It is now said that a representative of Russia has obtained leave to reside at the capital; and England is certainly not bound to acquiesce in an exceptional sentence of exclusion. At the end of the ensuing struggle, it will be a matter for serious consideration whether it is worth while to insist on a barren right which is likely to give occasion for frequent collisions. The inglorious and unsatisfactory conflict cannot be too short; and in the mean time it is a subject for serious regret that the arrangements of war and peace must substantially depend on the pleasure or convenience of an ally.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

IF the meeting of the British Association under the presidency of the PRINCE CONSORT suggests the old truth that there is no Royal road to science, it does so only by showing that the proverb has not been forgotten either by the members of the Association or by the PRINCE himself. This Aberdeen gathering has been in some sort a crisis in the history of the Association—preceded, as many thought, by threatenings of danger, but not without promise of increased efficiency and prestige. All friends of science will rejoice to find in the Presidential address the best possible proof that the danger is no longer to be feared, while there is good ground to look for substantial fruit from the intimate union which the meeting represents between the labourers in the field of science and “the powers that be.”

The British Association owes its prosperous career to the fidelity with which it has adhered to the programme which it proclaimed nearly thirty years ago. Three distinct purposes were announced—the organization of scientific labour, the social union of philosophers from every corner of the earth, and the enlistment of national efforts in aid of researches which might baffle the energies of individual observers. The long list of distinguished names which fills up the roll of annual Presidents shows how steadily these objects have been kept in view. Almost every department of human inquiry has been represented in turn by its acknowledged leader; and occasionally the chair has been filled by philosophers whose claims have rested less upon their achievements in any single province than on their comprehensive grasp of the entire range of research, and their appreciation of the subtle bonds which bind their whole fraternity together as fellow-soldiers in a common cause. But, mingled with those who owed their distinction entirely to their position in the republic of science, there are to be found the names of many Presidents selected on account of the zeal with which they employed the influence of rank and wealth in furthering the efforts of the scientific army. Dukes and Marquises alternate with geologists and astronomers in the honours of the Association. If this was wrong, the offence has culminated in the choice of the present year; but if the recognition of the public relations of science was rightly personified by the occasional presidency of men of influential position, the choice for 1859 is but the natural completion of the catalogue of representative Presidents. Its real significance could not be better expressed than in the graceful and modest acknowledgments of the PRINCE himself. A Royal presidency might have implied that science was learning the courtier's art, and humbling herself to win the smiles of power. Understood as it is presented in the address with which the proceedings at Aberdeen were inaugurated, it must be taken rather to represent the national sympathy with the march of scientific conquest, and the homage which authority honours itself by paying to the searchers after the truth. There were not wanting many who, from the foundation of the Association, would have gladly restricted its functions to the mere registration of the achievements of successive years, and have eliminated altogether both the social and the public elements of the scheme. Had these narrow views prevailed, the British Association would long since have passed into oblivion, as a foolish device for superseding the printing press by the cumbrous expedient of an annual gathering.

Fortunately, the originators of the plan held fast to their scheme in its integrity. No ridicule—and there was abundance of it—was allowed to abate one jot from the social character impressed upon their meetings, and no fear of sacrificing the simple independence of the scientific republic has restrained them from inviting the co-operation of Royalty in a warfare where public and private energies can both find opportunity to advance the interests of science. It is true that the social element might have degenerated into trifling, and that the recognition of the services of rank and power might still more easily have been made the vehicle for flattery unworthy of the great objects for which the Association was called into existence. As long since as the year 1838, when the Chair was filled by a President whose rank was more exalted than his own personal achievements in any department of science, a protest was addressed to him against the dangers of peripatetic philosophy on the model established by the British Association. The dangers were not altogether imaginary, but the risk was one which had to be run if the Association was to be true to its aim of becoming strong enough to secure the assistance, not of

savans alone, but of the people and the Governments of our own and other countries.

There are many inquiries which can only be prosecuted with effect by the organized action of the State itself; and it is no exaggeration to say that, when the British Association was founded, our Government was the most sluggish in Europe in acknowledging the duty which it owed to science. A great change may already be observed, which is mainly to be ascribed to the growing influence of the British Association, and to the cordial co-operation of the PRINCE CONSORT. In this view nothing could be more appropriate than the offer of the temporary Presidency of the Society to one who had honourably distinguished himself by his encouragement of the objects which the Association had at heart, and whose position pointed him out as a fitting representative of the Society in one not altogether unimportant aspect.

It would be mere folly to ignore the need in which science stands of public co-operation. The formation of the network of magnetic and meteorological stations which now extends to every quarter of the globe, is one of many enterprises which could only have been achieved by public resources. To the British Association it is due that our own Government and that of France have co-operated in a work which has already led to important results, and promises a rich harvest of future discovery. The systematic tidal observations of the Admiralty afford another instance of the value of public co-operation. The geographical and magnetic explorations of the Antarctic expedition are also among the fruits of the comprehensive policy of the Association in seeking to win the aid of Government in the furtherance of science. New schools and museums for the investigation and diffusion of geology and other sciences and arts of immediate practical interest, will be thought by some a still more valuable consequence of the union between science and the State; and while their true relations are as frankly recognised as they have been at the Aberdeen gathering, we may dismiss all fear that the combination will imperil either the dignity or the interests of science. After the splendid panorama of discovery with which the meeting of last year was opened by Professor OWEN, no successor to the Chair would have willingly courted comparison by an attempt to follow in the same path; and it was a happy accident that the arrangements of the present meeting should have brought into prominence other aspects of the Association scarcely less important than that which it presents as the living embodiment of scientific progress. The due subordination of each province of inquiry to the great kingdom of human knowledge whose laws are the ultimate generalizations which knit one science to another, and the organization which would best combine all separate researches into a common system, were subjects which could be usefully discussed without fear of trespassing on ground which belonged to the great captains of the scientific army. The part assigned to such bodies as the British Association in the general scheme could scarcely have been more justly appreciated than by the happy comparison between its position and that which had been filled by the universal philosopher whose long and active life has closed since the last meeting of the Association. In the comprehensive range of his inquiries, in the encouragement which he gave to the labours of others, and in the influence which he was able to exert over Courts and Governments, ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT was, so far as one man could be, the type of the Association, which prosecutes the same work with larger means than a single philosopher could command. So long as the Association follows up its mission in the same spirit which enabled HUMBOLDT to maintain the dignity of science while he numbered Kings and Princes among her ministers, we may look with confidence to the fulfilment of the PRINCE CONSORT's aspiration, that the claims of science may be acknowledged as fully as they deserve to be, both by the public and the Legislature; and we may hope that she may soon be allowed the right to address the State, not as a suppliant, but as a favoured child, assured that her progress will be recognised as an element of prosperity and strength which it is the clearest interest of the State to foster.

THE ST. JUAN DIFFICULTY.

THE comparative durability of peace among the great nations of the world proves that there must be some element of security which ordinarily counteracts the alarming facility of collision. The seizure of the Island of St. Juan in

Vance seems act; during those wars, at first the as rest should in def On th are fr functi quarre domin troops commu tion b a littl York, Londo candid fiable Englis assum further license selves friendl been r It is rican y Presid nates a also en themse loose i the fi States rities a the do immed been of Me an insu notorie Indian course acting the cas bility desirab of disa The oc been in Govern longed English able ou by the forcible right. were c Genera the pos and rig a cont with an the her which b Island already Colonial settle the scen patrioti office-hu phant, h Americ which i As to the claim

Vancouver's Straits, by a petty force of American soldiers, seems a dangerous occurrence, as well as a wrongful and foolish act; and it is only the recollection of many similar incidents, during a peace of five-and-forty years, which tends to reassure those who deprecate the most wanton and mischievous of wars. The duties and liabilities of Governments resemble at first sight, the antithetic puzzles of mediæval scholars, or the *antinomies* which modern metaphysicians have discovered as resulting from conclusive, and yet contradictory, demonstrations. It is necessary that the whole force of the State should be exerted in vindication of its minutest claim, and in defence of the most insignificant section of its subjects. On the other hand, voluntary or accidental encroachments are from time to time inevitable; and it is one of the highest functions of ruling statesmen to keep clear of national quarrels. It is impossible to abandon a portion of the QUEEN'S dominions because it has been seized by a handful of foreign troops; and yet it is monstrous that two great and kindred communities should engage in the business of mutual destruction because there is a dispute as to the ownership of a little island, separated by thousands of miles from New York, and by half the circumference of the globe from London. It can scarcely be supposed that the most selfish candidate for American popularity will force on an unjustifiable collision; and, while the matter is in dispute, the English Government and the nation may well afford to assume that the offence is founded on a mistake, and that on further inquiry all due reparation will be afforded. The licensed brawlers of the Senate have generally confined themselves to verbal provocations against England, and the unfriendly acts of successive Presidents have almost always been restrained within the strict letter of international law.

It is well known that among the various merits of American polity strict official discipline has never found a place. Presidents and Secretaries of State have devoted subordinates always ready to perform their bidding; but they are also enumbered by the zeal of functionaries who consider themselves the rivals of their superiors in position. The loose international morality which has been engendered on the frontiers by the tempting weakness of neighbouring States has sometimes obtained the connivance of the authorities at Washington, and it has never been unpopular with the dominant multitude. General HARNEY, who is the immediate author of the present complication, has been accustomed to filibustering schemes in the Gulf of Mexico, and he may perhaps have considered that an insult to England would produce a greater reward of notoriety than a mere aggression on helpless Spaniards and Indians. If a French commander had adopted a similar course of action, it might be confidently assumed that he was acting under express or implied instructions from home. In the case of remote American functionaries, there is a probability that they are exceeding their commission, and it is desirable to give the Federal Government every opportunity of disavowing the encroachment and of affording redress. The occupation of the island by a guard of soldiers can have been intended only as an act of defiance to the English Government. It was unnecessary if St. Juan really belonged to the United States, and on the assumption that the English claim was well founded, the measure was an unjustifiable outrage. The dispute as to the title could only be settled by the two Governments, and it must have been obvious that forcible possession could by no possibility affect the claim of right. As it seems that the English forces within reach were considerably superior in number to the Americans, General HARNEY can scarcely have hoped to retain by force the position which he seized in violation of common courtesy and right. It is not improbable that he hoped to provoke a contest and a defeat, which would connect his name with an English war, and perhaps enable him to become the hero of a popular agitation. The scum of adventurers which has been impelled to the neighbourhood of Vancouver's Island since the gold discoveries on the Fraser River has already indicated its presence by coarse attacks on the Colonial Government and on the English inhabitants of the settlement. General HARNEY will not want for flatterers on the scene of his exploits, and he trusts perhaps to the noisy patriotism which is always ready to explode among the office-hunting orators of Washington. A scream of triumphant hostility is easily raised whenever the claw of the American eagle inserts itself between the bars of the cage which is occupied by the British lion.

As to the title to the island, it may safely be asserted that the claim of the English Government is really indisputable.

There is, fortunately, no conflict of rival discoverers to encourage the ingenuity of American Ministers or to perplex less daring controversialists. Only a few years have elapsed since Mr. WEBSTER declared that an island on the coast of Peru, which he described in the same document by the Spanish name of "*Los Lobos*," had been discovered within a few years by an American skipper. There would be no difficulty in putting forward a similar claim to the island of St. Juan, but the right of ownership depends in this case, not on an uncertain question of fact, but on the true interpretation of the ASHBURTON treaty. It was agreed that the line of demarcation on the mainland should be the forty-ninth degree of latitude, and that on arriving at the western coast the frontier should coincide with the mid-channel between Vancouver's Island and the continent. According to the best information which the English Government has been able to obtain, the island in dispute lies to the north-west, or on the English side of the boundary settled by the Treaty. For the present, the country can only rely on the accuracy and good faith of the local authorities who bear witness to the facts. Whatever may be the political faults of Englishmen, it is certain that no statesman or party is under a temptation to forge or even to exaggerate a territorial claim which would involve injustice to a neighbour. In matters of this kind, public servants may be implicitly trusted, because they have no possible interest in putting forward any pretensions which it is not their plain duty to support. Mr. BRIGHT himself would scarcely assert that the colonial officials have cooked up a spurious title to the island in the hope of obtaining commissions for their sons during the progress of a future American war. The English claim is made in good faith, and there is every reason to believe that it is just; and it certainly cannot be affected by any American act of violence. The Government has no doubt remonstrated temperately and firmly with the American Minister in London and with the Cabinet of the PRESIDENT, and there is reason to hope that Governor DOUGLAS will have avoided the necessity of collision without compromising the rights or the dignity of his country.

A portion of the American press has already protested against the insolent violence of General HARNEY; and if suitable discretion is displayed by the offended party, there is reason to hope that the good feeling of the American people may be generally enlisted on the side of peace and justice. The antipathies of former times are said to be dying out, and at this moment there is reason to believe that the most universal popular favourite in the Union is no other than the same exalted personage who commands the unanimous respect and loyalty of Englishmen. A few years without a quarrel, and the two great kindred nations would perhaps coincide in their tastes, their fancies, and their prejudices, as they already agree in language, in law, and in the fundamental characteristics of the race. A territorial dispute between England and America is really like a question whether a township belongs to Yorkshire or to Lancashire. It is highly proper that the legal question should be settled, but it is unnecessary to import bitterness and animosity into the dispute. It seems impossible that so trivial a difference can be settled by any other than amicable means.

JOINT EXPEDITIONS.

NO consequence of the melancholy disaster that has befallen us in China is more to be lamented than the necessity it entails on us of making a new expedition in company with the French. The experience we have already had of joining our forces with those of France alarms us. The Crimean expedition sowed the seeds of great bitterness between us and our allies. They used us in what we must call a very scurvy manner. They prevented Lord RAGLAN, the only chief who showed military capacity in the war, from doing himself justice at the beginning of the campaign. They insisted on our making peace, when, at the end of the struggle, we had a splendid army in the field and a first-rate fleet to sustain our reputation. They gave us the hardest work to do and the hardest knocks to bear; and then, when they came to sum up the history of the expedition, they stated so loudly and perseveringly that they had saved us from destruction, and that they had a right to claim all the success which had been won by the Allies, that Europe was persuaded into believing this to have been the true story. The fact is, that we are too nearly equal to get on well together. Moreover, the French have not the qualities necessary to make pleasant allies, as the

King of *SARDINIA* has probably found out during the course of this summer. They have no generosity. They have none of the fine feeling which makes men who have laboured in a common cause unwilling to clutch at a private and particular glory. We, on the other hand, though too proud to resent openly the pretensions of an ignoble arrogance, treasure up the wrong in our hearts, and cannot forgive the injustice with which our noisier colleagues attempt to throw us into the shade. There is also at the present moment a deeper cause of dislike to a new joint-expedition. The Emperor behaved fairly and honourably to us in the Crimean struggle, but he undoubtedly made political capital out of the alliance. He used us to give a sanction to his schemes of Imperial aggrandizement. We are not now in a humour to see him make political capital out of us again. We do not desire to see him parade himself before Europe as virtually having the control of English policy. We cannot forget that our joint expedition against Russia ultimately blossomed into our absurd joint demonstration against Naples, when we combined with *LOUIS NAPOLEON* to protest against despotism. We can never tell how far we may get entangled. While we are joining France in shipping off soldiers, and planning the best means of forcing our way to Peking, we can scarcely approach European affairs with proper impartiality. We lose our power of checking France; and it is because we are a defensive Power, and France an aggressive one—because we have no wish for Europe except to see it free and happy, while *LOUIS NAPOLEON* has a hundred schemes to work out for the benefit of himself and his family—that we are sure to lose most by an alliance with France when that alliance takes the form of sending out a joint expedition. The result of our being reduced to inactivity is not that France and her *EMPEROR* stand still, but that they are relieved from such restraint as we can impose on their dealings with their neighbours. The Ministerial press in France has expressed this truth with a coarse effrontery, and has assured the world that, now that England is to be aided by France in blowing thousands of Chinese into the air, she cannot be so ill-mannered as to oppose the establishment of Imperialism in Italy.

A very little reflection will show that, whatever course France may take with regard to the new Chinese war, she is sure to gain a triumph over us. The *EMPEROR* has his choice between two games, either of which he may play with ease and comfort to himself, and a reasonable hope of strengthening his position. He may either do little, or he may do much. On the one hand, he may not think it worth his while to send more than a very small force. He is not bound to send a large one. The number of French who have fallen is comparatively small. We had the entire responsibility of beginning the war. We have considerable interests in China to protect, while the French have scarcely any. To let the whole burden of the war fall on us would therefore be quite excusable in him, and by taking this course he would make the struggle as exhausting to England as it can be. If we have to force our way at the sword's point to Peking, we shall want many thousands of good soldiers. We can only get them by despatching them half round the globe, or by thinning the ranks of the European regiments in India, or by adopting the perilous expedient of sending Indian mercenaries to conquer in our name. All these are sources of danger to England, and the more entirely alone we stand in meeting them, the more exhausting the contest is likely to prove to us. Meanwhile France will not fail to make something out of the expedition. If there were fifty Frenchmen present at the taking of Peking, and fifty thousand Englishmen, the French papers, and the whole pack of French official scribblers would din into the ears of Europe that it was the fifty French to whom the success was due. As a matter of fact, there are found numbers of Frenchmen who gravely state, and perhaps believe, that the French took Canton, and the English merely worked well under their guidance. And all the immediate political advantages that would accrue to the *EMPEROR* from having once more a military alliance with England would be secured to him whether he sent many or few troops to the scene of action. We shall be as much precluded by courtesy from interfering with the plans of our ally, whether he helps us efficiently or not. On the other hand, it might suit the *EMPEROR* to send a large force. He may desire to have a pretext for collecting together ships, and troops, and stores on a large scale, and no one can complain of his doing so. We shall be obliged to send a large armament, and he has as much right as we to make his contingent a formidable one. If the French were going

single-handed, as they went last year against Cochin China, we might possibly remonstrate against any great excess of preparations being made. But here we are ourselves obliged to give the *EMPEROR* an excuse for making his preparations as excessive as he pleases. We do not mean to say that he has a deliberate intention either of exhausting England, or of collecting a force that will ultimately endanger her; but we may at least suppose that he would not be sorry to see a time coming when he could wring from her some damaging concession, or expose her to some side-stroke of humiliation. It would not be unpleasant to his feelings if the issue of the Chinese war enabled him to extort from us some such tribute to his superiority as our compulsory desertion of Portugal in the autumn of last year.

So thoroughly are these joint expeditions looked on as matters of European policy, that if rumour is to be trusted, *Sardinia* is petitioning to be allowed to join in the Anglo-French campaign in China. In plain language, the Court of Turin offers to send two ships to help to pepper the Chinese in order that the Austrians may be kept out of Central Italy. This seems to us to reduce the theory of joint expeditions to an absurdity. Austria had better send a couple of colliers to the Chinese waters, which would be useful to the English fleet, and might serve to keep alive her reversionary claims to the Duchy of Tuscany. In the Crimean war, *Sardinia*, although obviously actuated by the desire to enlist the sympathies of England and France, in her behalf, had the excuse in joining the Allies that she, as a small Power, was interested in resisting the unprovoked attack of a great European Power on a weak neighbour. But we cannot carry the theory of the balance of power to the remote East. We cannot allow that France, or *Sardinia*, or any other European Power, has a right to take part in our quarrel with Oriental States. Nor have we any right to take part in theirs. The French last year shed blood freely in Cochin China, and might have annexed it without our being called on to interfere. We know by sad experience that Oriental wars and Oriental possessions are very burdensome. We need not, therefore, feel any fear lest other nations should injure us by military successes in the East; and we should not permit them to express a jealousy lest we should injure them by our successes. The French were associated in our Chinese war of 1857 really because it suited the *EMPEROR* to show his great intimacy with England, and because it was the policy of the English Ministry for the time being to court the *EMPEROR* in every possible way. But nominally their intervention was commonly, if not officially, justified, on the grounds that they could not allow us to make further progress in the East without themselves sharing in our advance, and that the interests of civilization and religion required that England and France should unite their strength. We cannot admit either of these plans. The fact that France had no quarrel whatever with China, except one of those unfortunate missionary grievances which are always raked up when nothing better is to be had, is conclusive against the supposition that her armed intervention is likely to confer on the Chinese mental or spiritual benefits; and no principle can be more settled—though England has certainly no interest in asserting it in the present instance—than that every civilized Power is at liberty to extend its dominions in regions beyond the pale of international law, so that this extension does not directly limit or endanger the foreign possessions of another civilized Power. It was in every way a mistake, two years and a half ago, to permit France to join us in our expedition against China. Now there is no option. We cannot refuse to go on as we have begun. On two occasions English and French have fought side by side in China, and we cannot, in the first moment of disaster, sever the alliance. But we may wake to a perception of the serious political dangers which these joint expeditions involve, and we may resolve to be more cautious for the future.

ITALY IN SEARCH OF A KING.

THE conferences at Zurich drag on heavily, from sheer inability on the part of the delegates to say what is to be done. Austria is waiting to hear whether the stipulations of *Villafraanca* are to be observed, and the fine old "*Dukeries*" of the House of *Hapsburg* to be left untouched. Tuscany, Parma, and Modena are hanging on the lips of the King of *SARDINIA*, to whom they have proffered their allegiance. The King of *SARDINIA* is casting uneasy glances towards France. The dethroned dukes, whose

crowns are trembling in the scales, bow daily in the direction of Biarritz, with all the devout energy of recent converts. What says the great European oracle, on which all eyes are fixed? The European oracle says nothing—it is dumb. The one mysterious personage on whose fiat the fortunes of Italy depend, gives no audible token of animation. Processions of pilgrims have crossed the Alps, loaded with presents and with prayers. Dynasties, with veneration in their faces, are anxious to consult the prophetic shrine; nationalities by their deputies are crowding the prophetic antechamber; incense enough, in all conscience, has been burnt; victims have been slain; yet no sound is heard within the barred and guarded doors. Every now and then a hum runs through the crowd without. A ministering priestess in the *Constitutionnel* pronounces some dark and diplomatic sentences which may mean anything. A faithful domestic in the *Moniteur* has been heard to say that France is the only country which goes to war for an idea, and that the ruling dynasty is great; but the remark, however sage, requires interpretation. When is the oracle in person going to relieve the general anxiety? The ancient warriors of Epirus used to inquire about the future from a tree, but then the tree talked. Lord BURLEIGH was a kind of oracle in his way, but even Lord BURLEIGH would shake his head. All is silent at Biarritz. The chorus of supplicants grow more and more eager. The cry, "Great BAAL, hear us," waxes louder and more urgent. Is the all-important deity hunting, or bathing, or asleep? Are his admirers to be compelled to take to cutting themselves with knives?

The oracle is probably not asleep. It speaks little, but it thinks the more. It is much to be apprehended that it is wide awake, and has got its eye, like all prudent prophets, riveted upon the main chance. Time solves many an inconvenient riddle without the interposition of the diviner's voice, and judicious delay has often ere now rendered all answers to a perplexing query unnecessary. The same Fabian tactics which once saved Italy may now serve to conquer her. A little wise procrastination—a month of silence or of simulated indecision—and the patience of the new-fledged Italian patriots perhaps will be exhausted. They will cease to wish so vehemently for their own way, and will relapse into a philosophic submission to the will of heaven. With their resolutions recast in a less independent mould, they will then approach the arbiter of their destinies again. Tired of demanding the monarch of their choice, this time they will resign themselves to praying for King Log. A humble and right-minded nation does not pray in vain. The oracle, keenly alive to the propriety of such a request, will find it pleasant and easy to reply. The sentiments of a united people are worthy of respect. Their petition should of course be granted, and King Log will enter on his reign. Such at least is the hope, and perhaps the expectation, of the oracle.

At first sight it must be confessed that the Italians seem to have been somewhat badly treated. As long as it suited the purposes of NAPOLEON III., they were distinctly encouraged to assert their independence. It was by no means the EMPEROR's design that the Dukes should be taken back. But he does not desire that the House of Savoy should supply their place, or that the three Ducal coronets should be massed together upon one Italian brow. The era of REISETS and PONIATOWSKIS has accordingly begun. The plague of frogs has set in over the Duchies, and imperial emissaries are flooding the country. Alternately flattered and frightened, the Central Italians may well be excused if they do not know where to look. Nothing but courage and determination can keep them from eventually prostrating themselves before the imperial feet. The cold eye of the basilisk is upon them, and slowly fascinating them into a surrender. What may not be hoped from universal suffrage? Who can doubt that a NAPOLEON, or a NAPOLEON's deputy, is the secret desire of the nations?

Yet it is only in appearance that NAPOLEON III. has deluded Italy and the world. NAPOLEON III. is, in reality all candour—the Tuileries are the very palace of Truth. If there is a spot discernible in the sun, a blemish in the Imperial character, it consists in its slavish adherence to the letter of all promises. Italy, the EMPEROR said, was to be free from the Alps to the Adriatic. When did he ever breathe a syllable about the Apennines? Only the mendacious and the designing seek to confuse geographical terms, and to cloud the meaning of a plain sentence with a misty gloss. Honest men who say Alps, mean Alps. The entire mistake arises from that habitual inaccuracy of thought

which so sadly disfigures the Italian intellect. Frenchmen would know better than to put such misconstructions on the language of the best of princes. Nor is a monarch who is so sensitive to the voice of good faith and sincerity the man to violate the pledges given even to an enemy. Cost what it may, the covenants signed and sealed at Villafranca must be rigidly observed. Compulsion, indeed, towards the Duchies is out of the question. But if the Dukes are not restored, Austria is at liberty to govern Venice as she pleases. Nor can it be tolerated that Sardinia should profit by the contumacy of her countrymen. Tuscany and Modena have not behaved well; still they are free to choose—only they must not ask for VICTOR EMMANUEL. Had they been wiser in their generation, and resolved to elect a NAPOLEON to the vacant crown, the case might have been different. Every allowance should be made for a nation that is desirous of raising itself in the scale of morality.

Time, which reveals all things, is disclosing by slow degrees the matured projects of NAPOLEON III. with respect to Italy. It is perfectly natural that NAPOLEON III. should be anxious to seat a member of his house upon the throne of Central Italy. It is equally intelligible that he should desire to send an inconvenient relative to some little distance, and to free himself from the awkward contiguity of a Democratic cousin. A NAPOLEON EGALITÉ might prove as troublesome to an Emperor as a PHILIPPE EGALITÉ of old was to a King. It is not so clear that it is the interest of Europe to countenance throughout the Continent any such propagation of the Imperial family. Nor can Italians have much reason to wish to take cuttings from that admirable tree. Of one thing they may be well assured—the hour that rings in the dynasty of the NAPOLEONS will ring out Italian independence. If they are firm, they may be saved. The Emperor of the FRENCH, for very shame, cannot impose his relative perforce upon them. Public opinion can reach through all the crowd of guards and satellites to the Imperial ear itself. If the King of SARDINIA must not be King of Central Italy, the Italians may perhaps induce the oracle to name some less objectionable candidate than the one that, for a moment, seemed upon its tongue.

THE FRENCH PRESS.

ON the 14th of August, the French army entered Paris in triumph, crowned with unprofitable laurels; on the 17th, the *Moniteur* published the amnesty; and on the following day appeared the decree announcing that all warnings given to the press should be regarded as never having been issued. On the 18th of September, the *Moniteur* published an official note stating that, as reports had got into circulation with reference "to a decree about to be published, modifying the law of 1852 on the press . . . such news was without any foundation." We shall not dilate upon the brief reign of apparent moderation in France. Within a month—a little month—the prospect is totally changed. The heavens were too blue to last. We, at least, were not deceived. We had not learned to be confident, and we left it to the sycophants of the EMPEROR—or to those who from incapacity could not, or who from interest would not, be weather-wise—to hop and twitter in the first gleam of the Imperial sun, which was scarcely strong enough to tempt us to throw off the cloak of distrust.

Yet, if we did not overvalue, we did not disparage, the political relaxations which attended the Peace of Villafranca. The amnesty could not but be a laudable measure, and the boon to the press might possibly not be illusory. But it was obvious that, in themselves, the two measures amounted to very little, though, as signs, or still more as pledges of the future, they might have immense consequences. The amnesty concerned the past, and so did the decree about the warnings; but they left the whole political world and all political persons precisely where they were. If M. LOUIS BLANC or M. VICTOR HUGO were to return to Paris, he might be deported, without trial, to Cayenne the next day, and the *Journal des Débats* or the *Correspondant* might receive its three warnings and be suppressed the very next week. The police system and the press law remained exactly as they were—all that was done was what has just been done with the law of murder in England. Dr. SMETHURST is reprieved, but we may not yet cut our neighbours' throats. All that the relaxation of August amounted to was an act of condonation. It left the table free for a new game. The question interesting to bystanders was, whether that game would be fairly played, not whether a new pack of cards was called for.

The recent announcement in the Imperial organ is not only in substance, but also in shape, but too intelligible. The very rumour of a forthcoming act of Imperial liberalism must be crushed. But is it the insolence or the necessity of tyranny which finds inconvenience in a bare hope and suggestion of better things? The official note in the *Moniteur* was curt and peremptory; but it has since been explained and softened by the explanatory Circular of the MINISTER of the INTERIOR addressed to the *Préfets*. The combination of the two documents is curious. The EMPEROR—for it is stated that the announcement of Sunday came direct from Biarritz—uses imperial language. It is as though his MAJESTY had said—"I have been mistaken and misunderstood. It might have been supposed that one act of generosity implied a generous course of action, and that the confession of a mistake implied an intention not to commit it again. Such is not my meaning. All that I intended by taking off the warnings was what I intended in pardoning M. DE MONT-ALEMBERT. I wished him to know, and France to know, that pardon is the prerogative of kings." In short, it was not for love of the press, or from any views of the necessity of changing the Imperial policy that the decree of August was published; but the amnesty and the decree were parts of the programme of the fêtes. In a word, it was much as in PILATE'S case. It was customary at the Passover to release some notable prisoner, because it was part of the popular spectacle, not from any love of BARABBAS, perhaps, but still less from any love for the SAVIOUR. Some act of pardon was of the necessity of the case—it was wanted like the concluding bouquet at a display of fireworks. But it was to mean nothing as far as the future of the press was concerned. And all this is carefully elaborated in the Ministerial circular. The little boy is flogged by the head master; and then all the ushers read a long lecture on the merits of the rod.

The substance of the decision thus announced and explained being so intelligible, it remains to inquire into its policy.

Perhaps you were right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me down stairs?

If it was not intended to give France a free press, that was, after all, only what most thinkers had made up their minds to. The very worst that could have come of it would have been that the amnesty and the august rescript on the extant warnings would be found to be dead letters. But, anyhow, they were graceful dead letters—they were pretty to read—they were pleasant, fair-spoken, gracious nothings. The pill was nicely gilt, though it only enclosed poison and bitterness. It is not usually thought necessary to spit in your neighbour's face by way of assuring him that your yesterday's observation about the weather meant nothing serious in the way of cultivating a close intimacy. It might not be expedient or wise to relax the shackles of France, but it is a bold experiment on the national patience not only to say this, but to say it in the most offensive and *tranchant* way. We are told, however, that a wide-spread rumour was current, to the effect that a further emancipation of the press was in contemplation, and that this rumour it was necessary to check and disavow. There are two ways of accounting for this alleged necessity, and either is ominous enough. The one is that it is of the essence of a tyrant to insult his victims. A Roman Emperor, according to the satirist, summoned the Senate to discuss the cooking of a turbot. The continuance of the law against the press, the announcement that it would be continued, and the elaborate justification of the policy in the circular addressed to the *Préfets*, might be accounted for on this principle. But we do not believe this to be the true explanation. The EMPEROR has not shown himself to be so vulgar and commonplace as to enjoy the writhings and contortions of Liberty. The necessity is laid upon him to flog, but he does not like the operation for its own sake. We therefore conclude that the note of the 18th was unavoidable. Public expectation had gone so far that it must be stopped, and, if stopped at all, the bud must be nipped at once. This solution of the difficulty augurs well, and tells more for the existing spirit of the French nation than any other recent circumstance. A nation is not wholly debased when its enslavers dare not trust it with the bare thought and hope of liberty. It is quite true that the French mind is forbidden even to hope; but when men are told not to hope—when even rumours of better things are discouraged and prohibited—when even the cheap gratification of looking for a brighter day is denied—the consequences are not always disastrous to the hopes and expectations thus rudely dealt

with. To prohibit a thing is sometimes the way to ensure it.

Even according to the Napoleonic ideas, we consider the recent note a mistake. Is it well so far to recognise public opinion as to think it worth contradicting—especially when, as the very fact of the contradiction shows, that public opinion is strong against the Imperial policy? If the rumours were unimportant, they were not worth contradicting. If they were important, it is at least inconvenient as a precedent to admit that there is any appreciable amount of public opinion which does not coincide with the Imperial intentions and policy. It betrays a want of dignity to notice a contemptible rumour—it shows a want of confidence in France to suppose the popular opinion and the Imperial opinion to be at variance. The practical conclusion to be drawn from the matter is, we think, on the whole, a favourable one. The announcements of August and September are so far consistent that they both recognise public opinion, and in either case that public opinion is against the present state of things. It matters little whether one month it may be convenient to cajole public opinion, or, the next, to insult it. Public opinion and its strength are equally recognised. The warnings may be withdrawn from the press, or the press may be assured that it has nothing to look forward to, but still the press is recognised. And what does this recognition, under the circumstances, mean? Nothing short of this, but that the mind of France is against the Empire—that it cannot be trusted with even an illusory relaxation of its fetters—that the luxury of a single month's hopes must be dissipated by a new riveting and another turn of the screw. What the note of August was supposed to promise was, that a new era was destined for France—that the glad tidings were forthwith to become a policy as well as a *mot*—that the Empire was, indeed, to become Peace, by uniting and attracting to itself freedom of thought, freedom of commerce, the energies of trade, and the pacific glories of civilization. Men began to dream of the disenfranchisement of a noble people from debasing influences in religion and politics, and of a Holy Alliance with the industry, the intellect, the intelligence, and the independence of France. This was how men read the *Moniteur* of August—the *Moniteur* of September tells them this is *not* the EMPEROR'S meaning. Such an assurance, conveyed so very explicitly and intelligibly, generally has an equally explicit and intelligible result.

THE WEALTH OF NATURE.

DISCONTENTMENT with the permanent arrangements of life, and a restless longing to alter them for the better, are weaknesses which it is very difficult to distinguish from that rational desire to reform abuses which this age of the world is apt to claim as its special title to the admiration of mankind. That society is unjust, that its maxims are false and hollow, that success is not proportioned to merit—that knavery, folly, quackery, and every other species of deception—are apt to triumph whilst hundreds of good and wise men pass through life hardly known and scantily rewarded—is the substance of a vast proportion of the verses which indignation is constantly writing in all countries, and nowhere with greater assiduity than in our own. The removal of many long-standing abuses, the opening of many new careers to ability, and the destruction of many distinctions which, rightly or not, were regarded as invidious, have given a sort of plausibility to much of the language which is so common upon these topics; but we feel deeply convinced that it is for the most part unfounded, and that the disposition to adopt it, which unhappily appears to be gaining ground amongst us, is mean, selfish, and cowardly in a very high degree. Grumbling is, up to a certain point, a sort of safety-valve, the use of which can be grudged to no one; but when people come to attach serious belief and importance to the sort of topics on which grumblers most frequently insist, they have taken the most important step on the road which leads to a very grovelling degeneracy.

The most important and the commonest of all the family of commonplaces to which we have referred is that which asserts that the battle in the varied careers of life is not to the strong, and that success is a very inadequate test of merit. Of the vast numbers of persons who are in the habit of promulgating this opinion, there is hardly one who does not repeat it with an air of something like indignation. Without disputing its truth, it may, we think, be very fairly argued that it admits of a very important and very cheerful interpretation. If we read the ordinary remark as an assertion that there are many strong men whose victories are never known, and many good men whose merits are little noticed, we are led rather to the large and happy conclusion that the world is richer in such men than we might have thought, and that the general level of social worth stands higher than we should have supposed. When some eminent person upon whom much of the national welfare seemed to depend is taken from us, it is surely a comfort to think that our prospect

of an efficient successor is not confined within the narrow limits of those who have obtained a definite official recognition of distinction, but that the supply of men of merit in every walk of life is not only fully equal to, but indefinitely greater than, the demand. It cannot be seriously contested for a moment that such a state of things must always be highly beneficial to the nation in which it exists. To doubt this would be equivalent to asserting that it is no advantage to a merchant to have a larger amount of capital than the usual demands of his business absolutely require. If a full share of employment, dignity, and money were allotted to every able man in the precise ratio of his ability, society, like a dandy of the last century, would carry the most valuable part of its estate on its back in lace and jewels.

It is, in fact, impossible to exaggerate the importance of the social functions fulfilled by able men whose abilities are greatly superior to the reputation which they earn. Some of these services must from their nature be obscure, whilst others are too indefinite to be capable of earning such rewards as society has to give; but their aggregate value is unspeakably great. Of those which are obscure some have obtained a sort of picturesque and typical glory. Every one has been called upon to admire the curates of country villages, the obscure philanthropists who live lives of devoted benevolence amongst the class—frequently a very obscure one—to which they belong. But whatever is picturesque and affecting is pretty sure to have ample justice done to it when it is discovered; and such occupations as these, whatever may be their moral grandeur, frequently do not require a corresponding degree of intellectual power. A less trite but not a more important observation arises on a class of persons to whom comparatively little interest is usually attracted—those who discharge obscure tasks which it requires rare mental power to discharge well, and which are but little noticed however well they may be discharged. The number of such tasks is little known, but we cannot open our eyes without observing traces of them in every direction. There is no profession and no walk of life in which they do not occur. A highly artificial state of society has no doubt its evils, but it has this great advantage, that it bears ample witness in all directions to the vast amount of skill, patience, and self-denial which is expended upon the common affairs of life by men as little remembered a few years after their death as those who built the Pyramids. If we take the most general view of all, the mere existence of civilized States throws a light upon the ingenuity, the ability, and the unwearied industry of man comparable only to that which geology throws upon the activity of the powers of nature. Let any one think of the intellectual level of that large proportion of mankind who are either idle, stupid, or grossly self-indulgent, and he will hardly fail to conclude that hundreds of millions of such persons would not have made this country what it is in thousands of ages. What, then, must have been the aggregate ability of those who, in less than thirty generations, have changed the England of King Alfred into the England of Queen Victoria? And yet how few of their names are known at all to the world at large—how infinitely small a number are known out of the particular sphere to which they belonged!

Passing, however, from a consideration so wide as to be hardly manageable, it may be observed that every walk of life furnishes abundant instances of obscure labours quite as arduous and much more important than many of those which have been rewarded by very permanent fame. The poet Gray will probably be long remembered. The *Elegy* and the *Ode on Eton College* have a fair chance of lasting as long as the language; yet most of us have known men who were, in all probability, much superior to Gray, and whose names are not known to fifty people out of their own immediate circle. Gray was a learned and an accomplished man, but how many men far more learned and quite as accomplished are scattered over the country now in colleges, rectories, and country houses, where no one concerns himself about their accomplishments. A man's books or poems are only a specimen, and generally a very small one, of the general habit of his mind. The habit exists in hundreds of cases, and produces great but obscure effects, which are traceable only in their remote consequences by a careful observer. A country squire who might, if he had devoted himself to such pursuits, have written some thirty or forty immortal stanzas in the course of a lifetime, diffuses a certain refinement over the society in which he lives, trains a family of children to habits of delicacy and honour, wins the affections and mitigates the hardships of the labourers on his estate, and, in a hundred ways, sets up a standard of taste and feeling which may mark the character of the neighbourhood for years together. In the more rugged walks of life the number of monuments of skill and power condemned by their very nature to obscurity are more frequent. Dim professional labours, forgotten by all but the members of the profession, and appreciated by very few of them, testify in great numbers to the profusion of power which exists in the world. Few of our readers, probably, ever heard of *Comyn's Digest*; but it is a work which shows powers of analysis and arrangement—to say nothing of perseverance—which, if they had been devoted to making canals or railways, would have furnished an inexhaustible subject of admiration to biographers and popular lecturers. If any one would sift the enormous mass of matter which lies buried in Blue-books, he would find in many cases that the most repulsive matter had been sought out and set in order by unknown hands with a

method, precision, and elaborate accuracy which would have made the fortune of a historian; and in hospitals and law-courts displays of skill daily take place, without attracting any remark at all, which could only have been acquired by a union of moral, mental, and physical qualifications fully equal to those displayed in many of the events which all mankind agree to consider memorable.

Nor is this all; for not only is it true that actions which men willingly forget are often as arduous as those which they enthusiastically remember, but it is also true that many actions in themselves remarkable are constantly forgotten. The Indian Empire is perhaps the most marvellous proof of this that the history of the world can supply. Who reduced all those provinces to peace and order? Who welded them into one mass? How were they conquered and reconquered? And how shall we be able to rule them now? The world knows the show names well enough, and some of the more obscure ones came to light during the late mutiny; but how many of them have passed unknown? A man died a very short time since who, at twenty-five years of age, with no previous training, was set to govern a kingdom as large as England, with absolute power of life and death, and who did govern it so wisely and so firmly that he literally changed a wilderness into a fruitful land. Probably not one reader in a hundred will even conjecture to whom we allude, and indeed our statement would fit many different persons. Nor are such cases confined to India. The British Empire itself, whatever may be its defects, was not put together nor held together without much skill and labour. How many heartburnings must have been soothed, how many jealousies composed, how much care and experience must have been exerted in negotiation, in legislation, in persuasion, before colonies equal in size to great European States could be brought to govern themselves and to stand to their mother-country in a relation which has hardly a parallel in history. Yet we have no Solon or Lycurgus to credit with either India or Canada. Ingenious and curious inquirers might find out, if any one cared to know, how these things came to be; but to the world at large they are and always will be anonymous works, whose authors will soon be undiscoverable even by inquirers into the curiosities of politics.

Perhaps, however, the indefinite services which are rendered to society by able but unknown men are even more remarkable than their marked but obscure services. As we lately observed in reviewing the life of a man of this order, fame gilds the elevations of a tableland, not the heights of a mountain. The one famous person whom the world worships is almost always, in a very real sense indeed, the representative of a large number of persons of much the same calibre, of whom nothing, or next to nothing, is either known or remembered. Hardly any man is great enough to be reduced to the sad necessity of living constantly with his inferiors. If he were, it is hard to conceive how he could be great, for he would be destitute of that which is infinitely the most powerful of all instruments of mental development—free intercourse with equals and superiors. Those who are obscure, or altogether unknown, are thus, to a very great extent, partners in the fame of their more successful friends; and it is well worth observation that the obscurity of the majority is absolutely necessary to the formation of the atmosphere which is essential to the development of the minority who attain celebrity. The fact that a man has obtained a conspicuous social position is almost sure to deprive him to some extent of his ease and simplicity; and if all those with whom he is intellectually on a level were embarrassed with a reputation and position of the same kind, their intercourse could hardly escape a certain degree of stiffness and constraint. Thus the great reserve fund of ability which healthy societies contain acts most beneficially on society at large, by giving the tone and fixing the standard recognised by that small number of persons who succeed not only in attaining intrinsic greatness, but in convincing the world at large that they have obtained it. The unseen influence which is thus exerted by men of whose very existence many well-informed persons are unaware, can hardly be appreciated by those who have not had an opportunity of observing it. From the nature of the case it is difficult to quote illustrations of this, but instances sometimes occur in which services of this sort have been commemorated by those who had the opportunity of appreciating their importance. Mr. Alexander Knox was an instance in the last generation; perhaps Mr. Stirling may be said to have supplied another in our own.

It may be said that, however beneficial it may be to society at large that there should exist a large number of men whose merits have not obtained full recognition, such a state of things implies great hardship upon the persons concerned. But this appears to proceed upon a very false estimate both of the facts of the case and of the functions of society. The very utmost that can be said of the injustice of society to meritorious persons is, that they get less fame and less money than they think they ought to get, and that other people, with less merit, get more. That merit is in a man's favour, as far as it goes, is incontestable. A well-connected meritorious man will get on better than a well-connected man destitute of merit; but it is surely matter of great congratulation that there is not an invariable alliance between prosperity and desert, and it is perhaps even more fortunate that it is not the province of society at large to gauge the exact merits of its members, and to assign them precedence accordingly. If either of these states of fact existed, especially the

second, there can be no doubt that the result would be, not only a social slavery of the most degrading kind, but the introduction of a universal system of Mammon-worship such as the world has happily never seen. If society affected to class people according to their merits, the poor would not only be, but would feel that they always must be, the miserable slaves of the rich. At present, a poor man feels that no one but an insolent fool would despise his poverty; but it would be far otherwise if poverty and misfortune were the sure marks of crime or folly. The vainglory, the worldliness, the brutal hardness of heart which would follow from any attempt at such a classification cannot be conceived. As things stand now, we have the double satisfaction of thinking that no one need be ashamed of his condition in life, because his presence in it proves nothing against him; whilst, on the other hand, the traces of skill and power manifest in every walk of life furnish a proof as cheering as it is irrefragable that there are amongst us men who ennoble nearly every walk of life, and who would have ennobled any.

GENTS.

THERE is a character in *Aristophanes* who informs his companion that he has lain awake all night thinking what sort of a bird the yellow heathcock is. A philosopher might, in the same way, lie awake a good many hours thinking what sort of bird the British Gent is. What constitutes a gent? How is he distinguished from a gentleman? Clearly we do not call every one who is vulgar a gent, nor can we say that a gent is such because he is over-dressed, or noisy, or affected. These traits of character are exhibited freely by many who are universally recognised as gentlemen. Nor is a gent merely to be distinguished by the class of life to which he belongs. A man is not set down as a gent who has a small income, or is engaged in what is usually treated as an ignoble occupation. Perhaps the most likely answer to be given, if we were to ask any one who had not reflected on the subject, is that the gent is a man who affects to be a gentleman, who imitates his superiors, copies their manner of living and dressing, and seeks to shine by adopting their follies. We do not think this is the real account of the gent. It does not seem to us true that a gent is essentially an imitative animal. He cannot avoid following the fashion set him by persons richer and higher than himself, but it is not his prime object to do so. His primary wish is to enjoy and amuse himself. This is also the wish of many thorough gentlemen. The notion that a gentleman is in any way necessarily a good man stands in such open contradiction to the facts of daily life that it is strange how often we find it expressed in popular literature. Men who have health, and money, and high spirits, and little or no principle, devote their thoughts very largely to the attainment of sensual gratification, and there is no distinction in this respect between the gentleman and the gent. If fine clothes are to be worn to set off a fine person and make a show, they must be cut after some pattern; and the richest and highest of those who wear them first accept from an inventive tailor what for the time this pattern is to be. The less rich and prominent take the fashion at second-hand, but both classes are actuated by the same motives in putting the clothes on. The real difference between the gentleman and the gent is, we are inclined to think, that the former is under a restraint and a counteracting influence to which the latter is a stranger. The gentleman mixes with a society which has traditions and contains elements belonging to a very different order of things from the sphere of sensual pleasures. He is, in some measure, brought daily to the tribunal of persons who have taste, or principle, or a great position to maintain. He is subjected to the operation of the feelings which must pervade the ruling classes in a great country. He is obliged to mix in the society of educated, virtuous, and refined women. The gent is the gentleman in pursuit of pleasure without this restraint and this opportunity of escaping to another set of ideas.

A book has lately been published, entitled *Fast Life*, which seems to us to throw much light on the nature of gents. It is one of the very few books in which the life of a gent has been portrayed by a writer who freely and frankly owns that he is a gent. Mr. Albert Smith, in his novels, has described minutely the habits and pleasures of gentish life, but then he views this phase of existence as if he were on a slight eminence above it. The author of *Fast Life* says openly that he is a gent, and he wishes to show other gents what a happy, noble, fine fellow a gent may be, how much of life he may see, and what a variety of pleasures he may experience. The notion that it is his business to affect to be a gentleman never seems to have crossed his mind. He has indeed succeeded in tasting many of the sensations which the rich most covet. We do not know whether we are to understand that the facts stated in the book are to be taken literally; but when he says that he was secretary to Soyer, he probably gives us a real hint of the sort of way in which he placed himself in the sphere of gastronomy on a level with the highest and richest of Soyer's patrons. He has evidently had very good dinners, and done them a sort of rough and ready justice. He has travelled abroad, and has stayed at most English watering-places, and when there he appears to have done exactly as many of his betters would do. His great wish is to fill up every moment with some excitement. When he goes to a watering-place his

ambition is to bathe in the freshest water, to smoke the biggest cigars, to eat the best dinner, to drink the best brandy, and flirt with the prettiest barnmaid that the place affords. A thousand English gentlemen have exactly the same aspirations; and if we were to say that no man with such aspirations is a gentleman, we should have to alter the ordinary meaning of the word. Nor is he troubled with any false pretences. He owns that he is often short of money, and that then he is obliged to accommodate his pleasures to his purse. He informs us that, when without cash for a cab or stumped out at Vauxhall, he is in the habit of walking about all night and seeing what he calls "early morning life." This seems to us merely a gilded expression for looking on at the arrival of cabbage carts and milk vans. But it shows that he does not ape the fine gentleman. Excitement is the dream of his life, and not to be mistaken by a waiter for a lord.

So far from gents leading the stiff stuck-up life that is attributed to them by those who think that the walking gentleman of Regent-street is the true type of the class, the easy, friendly, funny, unaffected sociability of real gents is apparent in all the pages of the book to which we have referred. Taking one set of persons against another, we fancy that gents get more amusement out of life than gentlemen. Coarse fun can sustain itself much better than elegant trifling. The author inserts a large selection from his correspondence, and the letters certainly show that the gents view an outing in much brighter colours, and make much more fun out of the mere prospect of it than gentlemen can do, who are spoiled by quiet friends and educated women for the perpetuity of racketing, and are haunted by the uneasy recollection that they might be doing something better. Two or three of these letters will show what the gent is better than pages of description, and we will therefore invite our readers to peruse some of these spirited compositions. No one who reads these can fail to see that the gent has a style of his own, and a capacity of enjoyment of his own, and that he does not in the least affect to be a gentleman. The instances we have selected are invitations to an outing, and the author's answers:—

—Strand.

OLD BRICK,—I'm thundering shaky, and want a "blow;" can you run down to Folkestone on Saturday, and cross to Boulogne, till Tuesday or Wednesday, and have a "dip?" B— will give us the passes. Nothing but soda and brandy till we come back.

Yours ever,

GOOSEBERRY EYES.

The answer runs thus:—

BRIST,—Why tempt me away from dear virtuous London and its "Poses Plastiques," to French debauchery and bad Cognac? Let us have two or three days at Greenwich! and stop at the "Ship;" they can cook a dinner there, and they keep real "Moselle." Send answer by bearer.

Yours, (n) ever, JACOB SLOW.

One morning the author, as he tells us, received the following from an old friend:—

Chambers, Marylebone.

DEAR JOHN,—I've copped fifty quid out of old "Bladderskate," and want to sweat it. Dewberry, myself, and Tom Wildun are off to Margate. Will you come down (do your writing here) to the "King's Head," and ask for the *Bloater*. We will live to rights, and wash our feet!!

Yours sincerely, SODAANDGIN.

He answered his friend, and said:—

Three o'clock! Wednesday morning, at home.

SIR,—Your private existence, like your public profession, is a compound of villany and lies. Do you mean what you say? If so, expect me down to-morrow, in a new suit of clothes. I am "stumped;" but, if you really will square me, I'll come. Put your razors out of sight, and order stewed eels, broiled salmon, lamb cutlets, and a pheasant; I'll bring some "cham" with me—Margate never had any.

Faithfully your own,

JEREMY DIDDLEE.

The author gives us a piece of his history which is worth noticing, because it shows how the absence of restraint which is characteristic of gents tells on their intercourse with prosaic life. He informs us that, wanting to know everything, he wanted, among other things, to know what the life of a railway official was like. Accordingly, he procured an appointment from a Railway Board, and was sent down to a country station to learn the duties of a station-master. He took up his abode at an hotel near the station, and there instituted a "convivial meeting;" but even the applause of the farmers, who admired his songs, did not satisfy him. As he expresses it—"My blood longed to boil as in days passed by, and I felt that a few weeks' excitement would really do me good. I was cowed and down on my luck, and wanted a *bouleversement*, and I had it." He was assisted in attaining his desired end by the arrival of two friends, "one just from the Cape, and raving for a spree." The fun for which his blood boiled then began. "The mayor," he tells us, "who was notoriously of wretched temper, and who had been particularly prominent in trying to put down my convivial party, was my first victim; six of us, about 2 A.M., wrenched off his three knockers, pulled out his bells, ordered an undertaker from the next village to call and take his measure (a very old joke of mine), and sank his duck-punt." He proceeds to tell us how cleverly he managed to make suspicion fall on some innocent persons. He subsequently went to lodge at a boot-maker's, and "the way in which I escaped rent for nine weeks will, I think, be considered amusing." The way was, however, rather audacious than complicated. He waited till an express train was nearly due, threw his luggage out of the window to an accomplice, and stealing down-stairs, locked the bootmaker in his shop. Ultimately he paid what he owed, for he seems to have a sort of pecuniary conscience; and having done his duty

as a gent by tricking his creditors temporarily, is afterwards honest enough to pay the bills. Of course he was discharged by the company, and so ended his railway experience. He seems fully to believe that, by neglecting the duties of an office the pay for which he received, he, in some way or other, "saw life," and that the sight was highly creditable to him.

We cannot say that in any part of this transaction he did anything which is not done by many persons who are considered gentlemen. There have been many gentlemen who have held public situations without doing the work—many who have gloried in not paying their debts and in cheating their creditors—many who have gained glory by wringing off the knockers of peaceful citizens. But then they have always retained a connexion with a society which is honourable, quiet, orderly, educated, and refined. This connexion has added, to tastes which they share with the gent, ideas and feelings of which the gent has no knowledge. And the influence of the good elements of society are continually sobering the outward demeanour of gentlemen. Twenty or thirty years ago, practical jokes were tolerated, and leaders of fashion thought it funny to knock down a constable or wring off a knocker. Now all decent society pronounces such bursts of humour decidedly snobbish. And this influence of general society is continually spreading and operating on a wider scale. A vast number of concurrent causes tend to bring even persons of a comparatively humble position within the limits of social restraint. The British gent is, we may guess, a doomed animal. He will cease to be admired and tolerated in his own circles. The number of railway clerks who would wish to copy the gent in his railway career is not very large, and will gradually become less and less. We are not prophesying a golden age of morality. We do not think that gentlemen are morally better than gents, but they are under more restraint; and the license in virtue of which gents flourish will be encroached on as the habits and tastes of the educated and refined classes become extended to those beneath them.

THE PROPOSED ITALIAN COMMITTEE.

SCARCELY any amount of familiarity between men of different nations seems sufficient to clear away entirely the sort of mist which shrouds the national character, and renders their insight into each other's tastes and feelings somewhat indistinct and inaccurate. There may be the utmost vigilance and tact, the most studious anxiety to avoid giving offence, the quick ear, the watchful eye, but, before long, something is sure to be said or done which betrays the absence of entire harmony, and proves to both parties that their mutual understanding is still incomplete. The recent proposal of several Italian gentlemen to form a Committee for the Central Italian States, under the presidency of Lord Shaftesbury, is just one of these little mishaps. It shows that the ample opportunities enjoyed by so many Italians of studying the home life of England have failed to give them a real understanding of the mode in which public opinion and sentiment are generated and guided in this country.

Such a scheme is precisely calculated to bring into disagreeable prominence the very phase of Italian character which is most distasteful to Englishmen, and which the events of the last few months have been helping them to banish from their recollections. While the States of Italy have been passing with so much calmness and self-reliance through the crisis of their fate, we have gladly forgotten the violent language, the rash and ill-considered action, the transient bursts of enthusiasm, the abjectness of despair, which have disfigured so many of the past pages of her history, and too often given the enemies of Italian independence plausible grounds for maintaining that the hour for its realization had not yet arrived. The present behaviour of the Italians—moderate, firm, and untheatrical—is speedily sweeping away our opinions, possibly our prejudices as to the past. But the very name of a committee arrests the process of oblivion. An Englishman who has just been "induced to give his contribution in aid of the efforts of the people of Central Italy, to maintain their rights and defend themselves against every form of aggression," may well be excused for feeling a little distrustful about the success of a struggle that stands in need of such artificial support. The beggar who stands for alms, cap in hand, may possibly be able to make out a very good case; but his position, after all, is the reverse of dignified. If the Italians want our respect, their first step must be to cease to make claims upon our pity. Besides, freedom is at any rate worth paying for, and though the Italians might, as Lord Shaftesbury suggests, receive our subscriptions "more as a mark of sympathy than as a material help in the difficulties that surround them," it is by no means certain that Englishmen would take at all the same view of the matter. They might be prosaic enough to apply to it some of the maxims of their businesslike life, and to argue that a firm which needed to be propped up by extraneous supplies at the very outset was not likely to keep long out of further difficulties; and they would probably consider the financial pressure necessarily involved in a national revolution to be a very wholesome ordeal for men to go through who are starting on a career which must constantly make large demands on their liberality and self-devotion.

Apart from the lack of self-confidence and self-reliance implied in the proposed scheme, there is much in the character of such an organization as that pointed out by M. Avesani and his friends

which would tend to check in this country the steady stream of popular goodwill that has begun to flow towards the newly-constituted Governments. What they want is to have their independence recognised as an existing fact, and as a matter of course to take their places, if possible, quietly and unostentatiously in the family of European nations. A committee would have the effect of preventing Englishmen from viewing them in this light. It is, in its very nature, something exceptional, irregular, and unofficial—it is a means provided for a special emergency. It is first-rate for a hospital or a soup-kitchen, but looks a rather paltry contrivance when brought to bear on the business of government. There is something in its associations that clashes almost ludicrously with the dignity and importance of a national act. Fancy involuntarily wanders to the green-baize table, the fussy old gentlemen, the half serious, half comic formalities, the transient dignity of the Chair. It is in the genial atmosphere of a committee-room that all kinds of whims and schemes, all the strange and various developments of individual activity flourish and abound with the most exuberant growth. Every man gets astride of his hobby and does his best to take his neighbour up behind him. Here prudent men do not mind being rash, and cold-blooded reason gets a tinge of enthusiasm. The proceedings acquire an importance which in this country we know how to appreciate according to the occasion, but which foreign nations are extremely disposed to overrate. A committee, therefore, is exactly the sort of body whose sayings and doings on so serious and delicate a subject as that of our relations with Central Italy might involve us in some serious national embarrassment. We might find ourselves virtually pledged to some things which it would be inexpedient to enforce, and undignified to abandon. The Italians may rest assured of the deepest interest and sympathy on the part of this country; but it is very doubtful whether, in the present posture of European affairs, it is at all desirable that that general feeling of goodwill should be provided with the means of ready and distinct expression in any other than official channels; and yet the provision of such means is the avowed object of the promoters of the Committee.

But if it is questionable whether a committee is the right scheme, it is quite certain that Lord Shaftesbury is the wrong man for the post he has been invited to occupy. We conceive that it would be difficult amongst his most ardent admirers to find any set of men who, in a political matter, would be prepared, as these Italian gentlemen say they are, "to place themselves under his guidance in every respect." The inconceivable rashness with which he spoke on this very subject at the first outbreak of hostilities proved clearly enough how entirely unfit he is to handle any question of magnitude, of which the different bearings have to be considered, and where conflicting interests have to be taken into account and provided for. He is essentially a man of party. He himself hinted, with some tact, at the real objection to his chairmanship, when he told his correspondents that it was "most desirable that some one should be appointed who would be best able to conciliate friends among all classes, and to disarm opposition." This would seem only to be a rather ironical mode of stating his own disqualifications for the post. He probably felt that though his presidency would insure the sympathies of some, it would arouse the suspicion and dislike of many more. Rightly or wrongly, large numbers of his countrymen look upon him with no very friendly eye. Their dislike may be perfectly unjust—the natural antipathy of bad to good. It may be grounded on jealousy of the applause he receives, or on the idea that he is the most conspicuous representative of a narrow, rash, and intolerant school of theology. The causes of his unpopularity are, however, immaterial—the fact is all-important. His assumption of the chairmanship of an Italian Committee would have the effect of turning a national into a party question. This, we believe, Lord Shaftesbury would be sorry to do. He reaps many advantages from his present position, many honours, much influence, not a little adulation; but he forfeits the right to represent his countrymen on occasions of general interest and importance. Nor would it be in this country alone that the friends of Italian independence might find Lord Shaftesbury's ostentatious patronage a dangerous privilege. He has every right to be a vehement Protestant. He feels very intensely the evils of other religions and the extraordinary merits of his own. He is, no doubt, thoroughly sincere in his advocacy; but it is surely rather strange and incongruous that the Italians, now bidding fair to make their way to a quiet and reasonable settlement of the affairs of their country, should seize upon the most public opportunity to place their cause in the hands of one who is conspicuous for his hatred to Italian religion, and for the uncompromising manner in which that hatred is expressed. Protestantism can scarcely be the panacea for Italian troubles, more especially that fervid form of it which borrows so much of its intensity from its aversion to the Church of Rome. Many of the calmest and most sensible thinkers among Italians are anxious to keep the political movement absolutely distinct from any religious agitation. They complain only of their temporal oppressions, and are perfectly willing to accord the Holy Father all due submission in ecclesiastical affairs. The grand necessity of the leaders of the movement has been to secure the confidence and support of the great middle and lower classes of society—timid, moderate, and often passionately religious. What could tend more to inspire such persons with alarm and dislike than

the knowledge that the principal body of sympathizers in another country was headed by a zealous partisan of the faith most hostile to their own? Would not orderly and devout citizens say, naturally, on learning it, "This is not only an overthrowing of our Government, but a crusade against our religion"? Must they not be inclined to declare against a cause under such suspicious patronage, as sacrilegious and detestable? What would be the feeling of the middle classes in this country in corresponding circumstances? Supposing a revolution were going on here, what would Exeter Hall say to a Committee of sympathy, got up at Rome, to which the College of Jesuits subscribed, and of which Cardinal Antonelli consented to become chairman? No one could be blamed for distrusting a movement which excited regard in such suspicious quarters; and we cannot but believe that Lord Shaftesbury will best serve the cause for which he professes so much enthusiasm by forbearing to extend to the people of Central Italy a friendship which may rouse much suspicion in that country, and which will certainly alienate many sympathies in this.

THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.

THE vast aggregate of national enterprise and vivacity which a few weeks ago was concentrated in the metropolis is now dispersed through the length and breadth of the land. The bustle of working and talking, pleasure-hunting and quarrelling, has subsided, and the energies which maintained it are driven to find a vent elsewhere. The busy glaring day of the London season has drawn to its close; the sun has set, and provincial luminaries shine out with a milder light, and here and there serve partially to dissipate the otherwise universal gloom. The echoes of St. Stephen's are mute, but the Premier descants to his neighbours at Romey on the properties of steam and the glory of the age they live in. Tranquillity reigns on the Opposition benches, but monster banquets attest the unexhausted resources of Conservative orators. The powers so lately devoted to shining in debate, or detecting a flaw in a rival's argument, are now busied about scrambling up Scotch gullies, or the circumvention of English partridges. Science sits enthroned at Aberdeen, and receives the homage of a royal devotee; and Music, though she has fled from her temples at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, receives a long and hearty ovation among the good people of Gloucester.

The meeting of the three choirs of Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford, has long occupied a conspicuous place among musical entertainments. The recent festival was the 136th occasion on which they have been so associated, and never do their efforts appear to have given more satisfaction, or to have more successfully achieved the immediate object in view—namely, the raising of funds for certain charitable purposes. Englishmen are never entirely secure of their high spirits; melancholy creeps over them at all sorts of inappropriate moments, and consequently they are apt to be utilitarian in their very amusements. If one cannot feel certain of enjoying oneself, it is a comfort to know that some one or other is likely to be the better for the money one has paid. An Englishman is constantly troubled with an uncertainty of this sort. In the middle of his festivities he suspects that he is being bored. In his stall at the opera, he thinks wistfully of the smoking-room at his club. If he goes to the Derby, before the day is over his heart misgives him, and begins to think that he would have been far wiser if he had stayed at home. From Alpine passes and Italian lakes his spirit wanders sadly to the stubbles of his native soil; he cannot help counting the cost, and wondering whether his amusement is worth the money and trouble which it cost him. So it is a great relief to his businesslike, steady-going, rather sombre taste to feel that his very holiday-making is turned to good account. He acquiesces contentedly in a rather increased tariff of prices, and does not even grumble at the plate-holder who stands in the doorway, meekly suggestive, as he quits his entertainment. If he feels unusually low, and has a slight headache from the choruses, he reflects that some widows and orphans will be comfortably set up in the world, and have good reason to think kindly of the Festival. The idea of almsgiving thus introduced into a musical celebration is only one of the serious elements which it contains. The whole affair is tinged with gravity. The proceedings open with a cathedral service and a sermon, and we have not the least doubt that the omission of the latter would have been resented by the visitors as much as that of the overture to *Zampa*, or "Il mio tesoro" from Signor Giuglini. In our lightest moments we do not mind a little good advice, and we go submissively to be preached at and lectured. Then the sort of performance which is invariably the most attractive bespeaks the same close proximity of some religious sentiment. At these Festivals, the evenings are usually abandoned to productions of a lighter character, but the great centres of interest are the sacred oratorios. The Englishman is seldom "merry when he hears sweet music." The scenes which he loves to have brought before him by its influence are those where pathos and majesty are especially prevalent. He chooses to be awed and affected—to have the deepest parts of his nature appealed to and worked upon—rather than to be amused, soothed, or even interested. The Last Judgment, the Mount of Olives, the anguish of the Mother of our Lord, the coming of the Promised Saviour of Mankind—these are themes of which the musical treatment is most congenial to his taste, and to which his attachment is the most unwearied.

The providers of less sublime forms of music may catch his attention for awhile. M. Jullien may collect a crowd for a few weeks by novel extravagances, or startling effects—fairy-light Polkas, and monster Quadrilles-of-all-Nations; but the real hearty music-loving multitudes are those which assemble at St. James's or Exeter Hall to listen, time after time, with inexhaustible patience, to long, solemn, and unexciting oratorios. At Gloucester the same thing was observable. There is a pleasant account of the way in which the country folk, farmers and graziers, came in their carts, with wives and children, and crowded every corner in the cathedral at the performance of the "Messiah." It is here that the national taste finds its most complete gratification. The solemn dignity which pervades many portions of that grand work, the depths of sorrow which it opens up, the awful denunciations of divine wrath, the pathetic descriptions of suffering, the solemn tones of confession, and the shout of triumphal praise, form a whole which seems irresistibly fascinating to English audiences, who always crowd to hear it, and listen with an admiration which increased familiarity appears only to render the more intense.

It is hardly strange that, with this sort of feeling on the subject, the great body of Englishmen should see nothing inappropriate in the occasional employment of parts of consecrated buildings for the purposes of sacred music. The most fastidious tastes might, indeed, not altogether unnaturally, be shocked at the slightest approach to the secularization of that which has once been devoted to Religion. A man who looked upon a Cathedral as the place where his ancestors prayed, and where ages ago the mysteries of his faith were celebrated, could scarcely be blamed for letting his thoughts dwell exclusively on the past, and for feeling that so holy a spot was desecrated by any other uses than those of religion in the strictest and most absolute sense of the word. But a nation at large can hardly be expected to be so delicately sentimental, or so morbidly alive to the associations of other times. Generations have passed away since the naves of our Cathedrals have been the scenes of prayer and praise. Englishmen are apt to regard them only as solemn and venerable approaches to the more sacred locality where the rites of religion are performed. We have got the Cathedrals upon our hands, and, till the recent movement in favour of Special Services, we were really at a loss as to what to do with them. They were an interesting but inconvenient possession, and it is not to be wondered at if commonplace unromantic Englishmen got out of the embarrassment in the first way which suggested itself, and did not scruple to employ a building which to them had become half secular, in the gratification of a pleasure which was more than half religious. It is, however, so much a matter of taste that discussion is unlikely to bring the conflicting parties to an agreement; and the controversy will probably be ended in most cases, before long, by cathedral towns providing themselves with buildings erected specially for secular ends, which will answer every musical purpose, and for the future render unnecessary a questionable employment of a religious edifice.

But this, it appears, is not the only objection to such celebrations. The patrons of the Gloucester Festival will perhaps be surprised to learn that the *Record* "blushes" for them, as, flushed with virtuous wrath, it translates for its readers' edification some stanzas of an "idolatrous ode," which it appears was actually chanted within the holy precinct. This horrible piece of desecration seems to have been planned with a cunning that is almost diabolical. No one would have had the hardihood to propose its performance "if its verbiage had been plain English," or if the iniquities which it contained had not been cloaked "under the disguise of entrancing music and a libretto in an unknown tongue." Considering that the tongue in question happens to be Latin, this is hardly complimentary on the part of the *Record* to the literary attainments of its readers. Our contemporary is, however, too grieved and alarmed to be ceremonious. The whole Festival is, it appears, an abomination in his eyes. He "deprecates it altogether, from its character of utter worldliness." And this is only one amongst other "offensive incidents." He might, however, have endured the rest in silence, but he draws the line here; his patience is exhausted; the vigilant guardian of our theological purity sounds an alarm, and rushes to the battle. Would any one conceive that the rock of offence over which the *Record* makes such a grievous outcry is nothing more than the *Stabat Mater*, as set to music by Rossini, which the managers of the Festival had taste enough to know is certainly one of the most exquisite and touching among sacred compositions. Being a hymn of the Roman Catholic Church, it naturally addresses invocations to the Virgin Mary, which approach more nearly to the character of prayers than would meet with the sanction of our own faith. The very passage, however, which the *Record* quotes as especially objectionable is so infinitely more concerned with those sublime topics which are common to both Churches than with any doctrine peculiar to either, that charity might have condoned the offence. But the inquisitors of the *Record* have too keen an eye for the slightest deflexion to pass it over without observation and chastisement. "We never expected," say they, "to see Mariolatry, one of the worst abominations of Rome, the error most opposed, &c., &c., foisted into a Protestant cathedral in the heart of our own England, under the deliberate sanction of the High Sheriff of the county, the Mayor

of the town, three Canons, and ten other clergymen." O backsliding High Sheriff, O faithless Canons! *Hæu prisca fides!* Horrible thought! that even in the head-quarters of the Establishment the enemy has set his foot—that all the choristers, canons, and clergy are assembled merely to see truth trampled under foot, heresy creeping slowly and surely upon its victims, and "an inlet opened for the admission of Rome." The idea is really almost too much for our nerves. Seething a kid in its mother's milk is bad enough, but to overthrow a religion in its own temple is a refinement of cruelty at which humanity stands aghast. What if all the Italian ladies and gentlemen who charm us season after season with their delightful singing, are merely Jesuits in disguise, and every note they utter has some dark purpose? Every wave of M. Costa's wand may, as likely as not, be a deadly blow at a cherished dogma—anti-Protestant influences may emanate from the toes of the ladies of the ballet, and the whole of the Covent Garden establishment be one vast design upon the Reformed Faith. A monarch was whistled out of his kingdom by Lillebüllero—why should not Protestantism be banished from our shores by the more dignified agency of an Italian air? A French invasion is sufficiently disturbing; but what is that to the "Church in danger?" We have our misgivings—"The snake is no less deadly because hidden." Let the *Record* keep its eye upon the barrel-organs.

MORALITY AND THE "GREAT EASTERN."

PRECISELY what we last week anticipated has come of the inquiry as to the cause of the lamentable disaster on board the *Great Eastern*. Nothing has come of it; and we were perfectly certain that nothing would come of such an investigation. There were too many persons specially and delicately interested in the case for the truth to be got out before a coroner's inquest. Weymouth is an obscure place; the Crowner's Quest is a rude and barbarous court; and it happened, as it seems, in this instance, to be composed of some choice specimens of the most Boeotian mind in England. The mere death of six stokers and firemen sinks into insignificance compared with the probable coming question of who is to be saddled with the doubtful machinery of the *Great Eastern*. It did not suit the parties concerned that this grave issue should be settled in an indirect way. More, and more noble lawyers—a more august tribunal—questions on construction of contracts—delicate and refined points of law and mechanical and engineering science—what constitutes completion of a sale, and acceptance and delivery of goods, whether certain goods *in transitu* belonged at a given moment to buyer or seller—whether they were *in transitu*, i.e., whether the *Great Eastern* was on a voyage or on a trial trip, and what constitutes a trial-trip—points so knotty as these, implying briefs, arguments, papers, trials, appeals, bills, cross bills—are not remotely indicated by the Weymouth inquiry. Yet all this would have been cut short by a premature decision of the only question which was of the slightest consequence—who was in charge of the machinery of the *Great Eastern* from the Thames to Hastings? For, whoever was in charge was responsible for the actual destruction of human life.

Nobody was in charge. It is a very curious thing that this great ship went on her voyage—no, that would be prejudging the question, and would be tantamount to saying that she was accepted by the Company—well, then, that the *Great Eastern* was making a trial trip—though Mr. Scott Russell will immediately object to the phrase, as a trial trip implies the risk to and responsibility of the contractors—at any rate, that the *Great Eastern* went to sea without a head. Captain Harrison, to be sure, was commander of the ship; but whether his officers or whether the contractors and their servants were in charge of the machinery, in presence of what the Weymouth Coroner politely calls contradictory evidence, we are precluded by etiquette from saying—though, in common with all the world, we have formed a judgment.

It is said, though we are not sure that it has been proved, that very high genius is never to be found in a mountainous country; and it has been suggested that the reason of this is that, in the presence of the grandest scenery, the mind gets dwarfed. We wonder whether in a parallel matter this holds good. Is it impossible for mechanical and moral greatness to co-exist? Or is there something in the presence of great cylinders, and pistons, and cranks, spinning and whirling, and perpetually jerking in and out and backwards and forwards, which is fatal to the simplicity and ease of truth? Is it that the revolving and oscillating motion, and the habit of dealing with contracting and expanding and very elastic matter infect the mind with certain moral affinities? We should hardly say that the evidence given at the Weymouth inquest reflects credit on the engineering mind. The gentlemen engaged on the *Great Eastern* were the picked men of their craft; yet the fact is, that the Coroner could not get the truth of the matter out of them. This was his complaint in summing up; and such a complaint is a very grave censure. "The evidence was unfortunately of the most contradictory character as to the person or persons really responsible for the charge of the paddle-engines. . . . Mr. Scott Russell had declared most positively that he had nothing whatever to do with the trial trip. . . . On the other hand, they had the strongest evidence that Dickson, Mr. Scott Russell's foreman, did interfere with the working of the engines, and also that Mr. Scott Russell gave directions for their

management from the bridge." Two engineers, named Arnott and M'Farlane, swore that they had examined the fatal cocks before leaving the Thames; and the conclusion, therefore, is either that the cocks closed themselves (only they could not be turned without a spanner), or that somebody turned them for fun or mischief—a supposition so utterly wild and absurd that it may be dismissed. There remains another alternative, not quite complimentary to the mnemonic powers of Messrs. Arnott and M'Farlane—which is that, as they ought to have examined the cocks, so, by a long and patient elaboration of this idea of duty, they at length developed the notion of fact that they had done so. We must, however, dismiss the personal matter with quoting the Coroner's remark, that "Arnott had not given his evidence in a creditable manner, or with the manner of one who was desirous of stating the whole truth." At any rate, the law, if not the evidence, is clear. If any one in the proper discharge of his duties so discharged them as to endanger the life of others, that justifies the accusation of manslaughter. We are left, therefore, to a choice in the dilemma—either that somebody was in the proper discharge of his duties, or that the ship was navigated by amateurs. That is to say, that Messrs. Scott Russell and Dickson merely attended to the engines, on "boiling days," for the love of the thing—from their natural interest in their own creatures—from their strong affection to science, and so forth. This may be so. It is contradicted by a whole host of eye-witnesses and ear-witnesses, who saw Mr. Scott Russell on the bridge, who heard his orders, who observed his manner and bearing. It is contradicted by Captain Harrison—contradicted by Mr. M'Lennan—contradicted by Mr. Briscoe—contradicted by Mr. Dillon; but it is supported by Mr. Dickson (though he is Mr. Scott Russell's foreman), and by Mr. Francis Fuller.

All this, we say, is somewhat humiliating. It is humiliating to science, at least in its material aspect; and our regret is enhanced by the consideration that this unseemly wrangle would have been impossible, but for that mysterious dispensation which has taken away, at the very moment when his presence was so much needed, the presiding genius from whom a single word would have been decisive. In presence of the grave, calm, and dignified mind of Mr. Brunel all this miserable squabble could never have arisen. He was not the man either in his own person to commit, or to suffer anybody else to commit, subterfuge or misrepresentation. It is only the great, such as he was, who can confess to human weakness. How much better and nobler to have owned the oversight which, had it been his, Mr. Brunel would have been the first to acknowledge! No human being is perfect. After all, to have overlooked or to have forgotten the wretched stop-cock was culpable carelessness, and in its results was terribly disastrous; but it was possibly venial, which we cannot say of the studied misrepresentation committed before the Coroner's Inquest about it. Human frailty is one thing; but concealment or misstatement of fact is another.

Nor is this all. The whole inquiry brings out some other painful reflections. We foresee a whole *Iliad* of recrimination. It looks as if, after all, the evidence at Weymouth had further and graver objects. It looks as though the object was to saddle Mr. Brunel with responsibilities. Dead men tell no tales. If Mr. Brunel accepted the engines, and was satisfied with their performance, the Company is barred from any claim to reject them. We fear that it looks very much as if, after all, the *Great Eastern* has not sufficiently powerful machinery. What are the facts? The screw unquestionably overran the paddles. The donkey-engines are unquestionably inefficient. That the boilers were priming is, we believe, only the necessity of all new boilers; but somehow or other the facts brought out at Weymouth cannot be reconciled with the glowing annals of the Special Correspondents. Is it so with all human things? Is this the inner life and history of all great enterprises? Are there all these conflicting interests, passions, jealousies, politics, private interests, at work in cabinets, synods, and the like? Is it always everybody's business to accept as little, and to shoulder off upon his neighbour and associate as much as possible, of duty and responsibility? Is this the cost at which we are to purchase the division of labour and the co-operation of intelligence and skill? Does it, after all, come to nothing better and nobler than the schoolboy's morality—Please, sir, it was the boy round the corner who broke the window—or than the housemaid's sense of her position and dignity, who assures her mistress that it was not her place to bring up the coal-scuttle? Mr. Campbell, the director, and Mr. Scott Russell, the contractor, are at very unseemly loggerheads on this not very dignified issue. Poor Human Nature! A cynic would chuckle at this new and melancholy proof that the sublime and the contemptible, the most triumphant success and the meanest of motives, the grandeur and the littleness of man, are so often found to meet together.

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

III.

PASSES THROUGH THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

IN two recent articles we attempted to explain the obstacles that oppose the advance of civilized man in that great region of British America which lies between the Rocky Mountains and the Canadian Lakes, and the progress hitherto made towards overcoming them. It is of not less interest to ascertain

what prospect there is of establishing regular communication between Canada and the gold regions of the Pacific, to induce settlers to direct their course towards a country so distant and so little known. To supply information on this subject was the main object for which Mr. Palliser's expedition was sent out two years ago. As far as we know of their proceedings up to the close of last year, it appears that the gentlemen who undertook this arduous service have well performed their duty; and the Royal Geographical Society, at whose suggestion they were appointed, have shown their sense of the value and importance of Mr. Palliser's work by awarding him their annual gold medal.

We know that it is said in some quarters, and has been published in some newspapers, that all the information which Mr. Palliser was commissioned to obtain, and which he and his companions have actually obtained, was already in the possession of the Hudson's Bay Company; and the Geographical Society, the Colonial Office, and the members of the expedition are supposed to share the discredit of a profitless outlay of labour, time, and public money. If the rumour had not come from a quarter that could not be unfriendly to the Company, we should have believed it the invention of some unscrupulous opponent. Their enemies have, in truth, never charged them with anything so indefensible. They must have had ample information, official and non-official, of the intention of the Government to send out the expedition, and we are now told that this Company, standing in the position of trustees for the British Crown in the government of a vast territory, deliberately concealed their knowledge of facts which the Imperial Government properly regarded as important to the public interest. Even if the story were true, the rulers of the Hudson's Bay Company are far too wise to give it authentic currency. But we have little doubt that it will turn out to be either altogether groundless or a grievous exaggeration. It may be that they knew something of the existence of passes in the Rocky Mountains in the direction in which Mr. Palliser was instructed to explore, and, if so, they were surely bound to give to the Government the benefit of their knowledge; but it is very unlikely that they should have information sufficiently complete and accurate to supply the place of that which we find in the reports of Mr. Palliser and Dr. Hector, and which will no doubt be soon available in a more detailed form.

When the expediency of despatching an expedition to the Rocky Mountains was first discussed, nearly three years ago, the existence of at least three of the passes across the main chain lately discovered by Mr. Palliser and his companions was unknown to the members of the Geographical Society, amongst whom were present, if we mistake not, several distinguished officers of the Hudson's Bay Company. When it was known that Mr. Palliser, a gentleman of independent means who had already travelled among the Indian tribes on the south side of the British frontier, was planning a further journey in the precise direction where the discovery of a practicable pass through the mountains was likely to become a matter of national importance, the plan of sending out, under so competent a leader, an expedition with the means of scientific observation, naturally arose amongst men interested in the progress of geographical knowledge, and was properly adopted by the Government of the day. It is true that more than one project for a railway across the continent, either through British America or the territory of the United States, had already been started. Speculators were ready with estimates of the cost of traversing wide tracts, over which, for hundreds of miles, no white man had ever set his foot; but those who inquired fairly into the matter knew that no known route could be suggested for a railway that would not encounter obstacles involving an impracticable outlay of time and money.

North of the 40th parallel of latitude, at least six passes over the Rocky Mountains were known to exist in the territory of the United States, besides that which is now ascertained to lie over the boundary line, partly north and partly south of the forty-ninth degree. Four of these are open to a fatal objection before referred to, that the country by which they must be approached from the eastward is for a long distance so barren as to be quite unfit for settlement. These passes themselves are extremely difficult. The best known of them, called the "Great South Pass" is said to reach a height of 7490 feet above the sea, and for 200 miles the track lies at an elevation of 6000 feet. The two northern passes—one named after Lewis and Clarke, who first explored it, and the other called the Flathead Pass—may be approached by the valley of the Upper Missouri, which lies to the north of the desert region. The first reaches a height of over 6300 feet, and appears to be much too steep for a railway. The second, so far as we know, has not been surveyed, but the accounts of it are unfavourable. In the British territory north of the Kootanie Pass, before spoken of as lying on the international boundary line, it was necessary to traverse nearly 4° of latitude before reaching the pass between Mount Brown and Mount Hooker, oddly named Committee's Punch-bowl. Of this it is enough to say that it is in every way unfit for railway communication. Much farther north there is indeed a route that, if climate did not interpose, seems especially designed for a roadway across the continent. Rising in British Columbia, close to the sources of the Fraser River, the Peace River flows north and east, passing through a great gap in the chain of the Rocky Mountains, till, in about

latitude 59°, it joins the stream from Lake Athabasca, a few miles from that lake. The climate of the region from thence to Lake Winnipeg offers an insurmountable objection to the adoption of this route.

This being the state of knowledge up to last year, the importance of the geographical results of Mr. Palliser's expedition may best be shown by the brief summary at the close of his report:—

I will now enumerate the several passes which have been discovered and laid down:—

- 1st. From South Branch Saskatchewan to Kootanie River, two, i.e., Kananaskis Pass and Vermilion Pass.
- 2nd. From Kootanie River to Columbia River, two, i.e., the Lake Pass and Beaver Foot Pass.
- 3rd. From South Branch Saskatchewan to North Branch, one, i.e., the Little Fork Pass.
- 4th. From South Branch Saskatchewan to Columbia, one, i.e., the Kicking Horse Pass.

In addition to these discovered passes, the Northern Kootanie Pass has been laid down and found to be entirely within the British territory; and I have named this the British Kootanie Pass.

In addition to so many new passes we have obtained a large amount of interesting information respecting the physical structure of the Rocky Mountains. For many hundred miles they seem to form a tolerably uniform chain, with no deep depressions, and no eminences rising above 7000 or 8000 feet. But between latitude 51° and 53° there is a great group of snowy summits, whose peaks range from 12,000 to nearly 16,000 feet in height. In the hollows are formed vast glaciers that feed three of the greatest rivers of the continent, the Saskatchewan (both branches), the Columbia, and the Mackenzie. The whole of this group is apparently composed of stratified rocks; the main peaks do not form a continuous chain and seem to bear little relation to any defined axis of elevation. To this circumstance we must attribute the very important practical results of the Palliser expedition.

In distributing amongst the members of his party the exploration of different portions of the mountains between the 49th and 52nd parallels, Mr. Palliser assigned to Dr. Hector the northern section, comprising some of the highest summits of the Snowy range, and precisely here, contrary to previous expectation, were found the lowest passes. It would be impossible to give even a summary of the contents of Dr. Hector's condensed report of his portion of the work of the expedition. He was fortunate enough to discover two passes which, taken together, will probably serve as the main channel for human intercourse between the opposite sides of the American continent. We shall endeavour to give our readers some notion of a position whose importance may hereafter rival that of Suez or Panama. From the point laid down in his map as the "Elbow," where Mr. Palliser's track first touched the Southern Saskatchewan in about latitude 51°, the river is believed to run nearly due east and west from the very foot of the Rocky Mountains. It is probable that the greater part, if not the whole, of its course will be found navigable, and nearly certain that it runs through a prairie country over which, even in its present condition, waggons may travel easily during several months of the year. About 400 miles west of the Elbow are the ruins of the Old Bow Fort, once used as a trading post by the Hudson's Bay Company, but abandoned many years ago. Unless Mr. Palliser was misinformed, this is the same place that was once called Chesterfield House, and which is laid down on the best maps 200 miles to the east of its true position. From thence to the Elbow the river falls about 2000 feet, the Bow Fort being 4100 feet above the sea-level. From Bow Fort Dr. Hector followed, for several days, the main valley of the Southern Saskatchewan, meeting no other obstacle than that caused by masses of fallen timber. About eighty miles to the west of the Fort he left the main valley, ascending along a tributary stream to two small lakes, and here, at an elevation of no more than 4940 feet, he found himself on the watershed of the American continent. He thus describes it:—

It is in a wide valley between outlying shoulders of two snow-clad mountains, which I named after Mr. Ball and Colonel Lepoy, the latter being to the west. The ascent to the watershed from the Saskatchewan is hardly perceptible to a traveller who is prepared for a tremendous climb by which to reach the dividing ridge of the Rocky Mountains, and no labour would be required, except that of hewing timber, to construct an easy road for carts, by which it might be attained.

From the height of land, the Vermilion River, which gives its name to the new pass, gradually descends for forty miles till it meets the main valley of the Kootanie River at a point about 1200 feet below the summit level. If Dr. Hector's exploration had stopped at this point he would have effected but little towards the object of making out a practicable line through British territory. The Vermilion Pass, like the Kananaskis Pass discovered by Mr. Palliser, and the British Kootanie Pass, leads into the valley of the Kootanie River, which flows due south into the territory of the United States. At one point, as appears from Mr. Palliser's report, there is a practicable pass to the westward from the valley of the Kootanie to the lakes from which the main branch of the Columbia originates, but this pass seems to be difficult and quite unfit for railway communication: a much easier route was, fortunately, discovered by Dr. Hector. His track over the Vermilion Pass led him to join the Kootanie very near to its source. Travelling up the stream towards the north-west, Dr. Hector soon reached the summit-level of a second pass connecting the Kootanie with the Beaver Foot River, a large affluent of the Columbia. The elevation of this

second pass is but 3834 feet, and the summit is a level marshy tract, that should either be drained or the road carried along the slope of the mountains that rise on either side. Dr. Hector followed the Beaver Foot River for two days, and then set his face towards the east, to resume his exploration of the mountains, and to return to the winter quarters of the expedition at Fort Edmonton on the Upper Saskatchewan. It will doubtless form part of the further business of the expedition to trace the route from the Beaver Foot River to the main valley of the Columbia, and also to discover the most favourable point for conducting a road from that valley to the Fraser River and the gold region of British Columbia. Enough has been done to show that ultimate success in the great object of laying an iron road across the continent, whereby to unite shores now separated by 15,000 miles of ocean navigation, is in all probability attainable within practicable limits of expense.

It is a curious fact that in every expedition, as in almost every party of pleasure, there is some *mauvais coucheur*, who cannot "get on" with his companions. It does not appear whether or no this was the case with the Palliser expedition; but it is certain that one of its members separated himself from the rest, and after traversing two of the passes, refused to communicate to Mr. Palliser the results of his exploration. We have seen a report, printed at the Royal Artillery Institution, of the proceedings of Lieutenant (now Captain) Blakiston, and we cannot say that we appreciate highly the practical ability of a gentleman who seriously proposes the construction of a railway over the Rocky Mountains by a line which would involve two tunnels, one of three and a half, the other of nearly six English miles, through "hard grey sandstone or quartzite," with a gradient so steep as to require one or more stationary engines; to say nothing of the further works necessary to carry a railway for many miles along a valley whose banks are described as "vertical and rocky." The present generation will scarcely be liberal enough to make so costly a gift to posterity as Mr. Blakiston is disposed to demand from them.

Under the most favourable circumstances, many readers of a practical turn of mind will doubt the feasibility of any such scheme as that of a "Pacific Junction" railway line. For our own part, after seeing so many more unexpected achievements of mechanical science during the last thirty years, and considering the progress lately made towards discovering a practicable line of route, we are inclined to count upon the speedy establishment of a system of thorough communication between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of America, in which railway and steamer will be combined. The chief obstacles, as we have repeatedly pointed out, are found in a district which is on the verge of the civilized world. If these cannot be overcome, and no practicable road can be made direct from Lake Superior to Rainy Lake, a portion of the line will be carried through American territory. From Red River to the Rocky Mountains, the only serious difficulties likely to arise are those depending on climate and on the presence of native tribes, rather numerous and difficult to manage. The first may make steam communication impracticable for a part of every year; in which case the population of the Pacific coast would be no worse off at such seasons than they now are. The Indian difficulty will, it may be hoped, be anticipated by timely and just arrangements that would save the first settlers from dangerous foes, and the Indians themselves from being "improved" out of existence. If the proceedings of the Palliser expedition during the present season are not much less successful than they were last year, there is reason to think that the problem of discovering a route practicable for a railway across the Rocky Mountains, and from thence to the shores of the Pacific, has at this time been completely solved.

DEATH OF MR. BRUNEL.

SCIENCE last week sustained a heavy loss. One more name is added to the list of those who have been stricken down when their hopes were highest and victory within their grasp. On the day before the *Great Eastern* started on her trial voyage, Isambard Kingdom Brunel was seized with a fit of paralysis, and carried home to die. While the noble vessel was moving down the river, and the eyes of the nation were fixed upon her magnificent power and proportions, the skilful and energetic brain that had planned her was failing fast. Mr. Brunel's last moments were not disturbed by the news of the fatal accident which befel her in the Channel; but he neither lived to see the full completion nor to reap the reward of his labours. He died, like a homeward-bound sailor, in sight of land. Since the death of Mr. Huskisson, no more tragical event has happened to cast a gloom over the inauguration of a great enterprise. Should nothing unforeseen occur, the *Great Eastern* will soon repair her late disaster, and accomplish the task for which she was designed. But of the many who will be there to see, her architect will not be one. It is the old story of unrequited hopes and unrepaid exertion, which is never trite because it is so inexpressibly touching.

If Mr. Brunel's death is affecting, his life, should it ever be written, will prove no less instructive. The young and ambitious who dream of fame and fortune, and who are anxious to discover some philosopher's stone to turn their dreams into realities, can do nothing better than consult the histories of eminent scientific men. There is no moral contained in Plutarch's *Lives* which

may not be found in the lives of a Stephenson and a Brunel. The law by which men rise to greatness is the same in all professions. A great engineer succeeds by the same method as a great general. Neither can strike out theories, seize on golden opportunities, or startle their age into admiration, without the preliminary probation of severe toil. Both must be masters of minute details—laborious, patient, and self-disciplined. Otherwise all the genius in the world will avail them little. When Mr. Brunel's faculties were in their prime, nothing seemed to him too great to be attempted. But he had first taught himself to estimate rightly small things. The man of consummate inventive power, the quick calculator, the rapid and accurate draughtsman, who was a member of the Royal Society at the age of twenty-six, could himself work in wood or iron every model that he required, and might have earned his livelihood by his own hands as a first-class artisan.

Mr. Brunel was born and brought up in an atmosphere of mechanics. Sent, while quite a child, to the engineering college at Caen, he devoted himself to the study of mathematics and the applied sciences. At the age of twenty he entered on the life of a scientific engineer. His father was now engaged upon the construction of the Thames Tunnel, and the son established speedily a professional reputation by his able assistance of the scheme. To his unshaken nerve and intrepidity upon one occasion he owed his own safety. In 1828 the "final eruption" took place, and a vast volume of water came rushing into the works. Mr. Isambard Brunel was in the tunnel, some hundred yards distant from the mouth. Floating with the stream, preserving his presence of mind from first to last, and watching his opportunity, he was fortunate enough at last to escape to the top of a shaft. It was not long before his talents attracted public notice. Two years after the above event he was elected to a chair in the Royal Society, and took his place among the most distinguished mechanicians of the day. When the Great Western Railway Company started into existence, Mr. Brunel was appointed to the post of chief engineer. In that capacity he designed or superintended the construction of many noble works. The Maidenhead bridge over the Thames, the viaduct at Hanwell, the Box tunnel, the bridge over the Wye at Chepstow, and that over the Tamar at Devonport, owe their origin to his genius. The same may be said of the South Devon and Cornish Railways, with their famous sea-wall. Mr. Brunel's taste was that of an essentially magnificent man. His notion of beauty was like the notion of a Greek poet. He held that a production, to be truly beautiful, must be large and splendid. Whatever he conceived was conceived upon a royal scale. In those few instances in which his designs were not carried out, they were abandoned solely from motives of economy. If he excavated a tunnel, he loved to make it the most stupendous tunnel known. If he hung a bridge, it was sure to be simply and grandly hung. Accordingly, he acquired the inconvenient reputation of being an expensive engineer. He was, in truth, an architect better fitted to undertake a national than a private and commercial enterprise. Most people are acquainted with the part he played in the controversy of the broad and narrow gauges. He brought his predilection for size with him to everything he projected; but it was nowhere so much of a dominant passion as when he had to deal with ships. It was no mere whim, but a fixed idea, tested by calculation. He believed that any outlay which an increase in the dimensions of a steamer would necessitate was likely to be counterbalanced by a proportionate saving in respect of fuel. He was not only the engineer, but the designer, of the *Great Western*. Its power and tonnage were double that of any which had previously been built. The *Great Britain*, framed upon the principle of extending the use of iron in the making of ships, in respect of tonnage was double that of the *Great Western* herself. His greatest effort and his last was the *Great Eastern*, by far the largest steam or sailing ship constructed hitherto.

But perhaps the most important achievement of Mr. Brunel was his discovery of the use that might be made of the screw as a propeller. He decided upon the application of the principle to steamships. The full practical value of the alteration will not indeed be fully known till the next war, when the merits of the screw will be tested under fire. But it is impossible to doubt of the usefulness of the discovery. It was under Mr. Brunel's auspices that the first screw-ship in the British navy was fitted up. His name, like that of his friend and rival, Mr. Robert Stephenson, had now become one of European celebrity. He was a member of most scientific bodies in the kingdom, and at the head of some. He was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. In 1850 he undertook the Tuscan portion of the works of the Sardinian railway, which he completed in 1853. During the Crimean war he was appointed to reorganize the Renikoi hospitals upon the Dardanelles. The entire arrangement of the buildings was subjected to his supervision. Water was laid on from the neighbouring hills, and invalid carriages soon ran on little railroads from the shore into the very wards of the institution.

On his return from Turkey, he devoted himself with unflinching energy to the construction of the *Great Eastern*. He succeeded in accomplishing this great task at an expenditure of money, labour, and material unprecedented in the annals of shipbuilding. But the mechanical difficulties and the moral responsibilities of the gigantic undertaking were too great a strain for a health already enfeebled by exertion. At the age of fifty-three

he was a worn-out man. In the very hour of his triumph, when every risk and obstacle seemed to have been surmounted, Mr. Isambard Brunel died. He had been worked to death.

Such a termination to such a career cannot but touch all Englishmen profoundly. It is at the price of such lives as these that the wonders of civilization are achieved. A mechanical invention, a screw, a steam-engine, may alter the future of society. But each discovery is purchased by the sacrifice of human energy—of years, perhaps a life, of labour. Science has many unassuming soldiers who sink of sheer fatigue. Many an English hero toils on thus, till body and soul are both exhausted, and then lies down quietly and wearily to die. This is the kind of ideal we Englishmen form for ourselves of the life we wish to lead and the way we wish to close it. Mr. Brunel is a noble, but not an uncommon type of national character. Of his private worth and kindliness this is not the place to speak. But his modesty, his genius, his patience, and above all his freedom from professional jealousy, render him worthy to rank high among the finest class of men in the world—the scientific men of England. He has left too many monuments of himself, raised both on land and sea, to permit of his being soon forgotten. It would be difficult to go far without finding something to recal the memory of Isambard Kingdom Brunel.

REVIEWS.

THROUGH NORWAY WITH A KNAPSACK.*

THE contents of this volume do not call for much observation. Mr. Williams walked through a large portion of the most beautiful scenery of Norway, he met with the small adventures which reward the pedestrian in a rude country, and he saw not only the usual fiords and waterfalls, but others to which less active tourists seldom penetrate. For persons who wish to go where he went his book will have the usefulness of an appendix to the standing guidebooks, but the general reader does not much care whether the author of a book of travels lost his way and missed his supper, or whether he kept straight and had a pancake. It is a matter of equal indifference whether he saw seven waterfalls or six. The interest of a book like that which Mr. Williams has published must depend, therefore, almost entirely on what the author brings to the scene of action—on his character, his acquirements, his tastes, gifts, and powers of observation. In this point of view Mr. Williams's book is not uninteresting. It is a very good specimen of the thoughts and habits of one class of English tourists—of a class which is, on the whole, very creditable to the country, and the feelings of which are well worth noting. From his book we learn very clearly what sort of a person Mr. Williams is in his capacity as a tourist. He lets us know in every page what are the things on which he especially piques himself, and we thence gather sufficient information about him to treat him as a type of a set of English travellers who may sometimes excite a smile, but are not undeserving of admiration and respect.

The first thing on which Mr. Williams prides himself is his economy. He boasts that he always does everything a halfpenny cheaper than any one else. He relates with great satisfaction how he has discovered that a traveller on the North-Western line, by breaking the journey to Birmingham at Boxmoor, may save no less than sixpence; and he assures us that he always takes advantage of his discovery. Norway is a cheap country even to less economical managers, and to Mr. Williams it was a series of triumphs. He is constantly inviting us to glory with him in the surprising fact that, at one stage in his wanderings, he slept in a hay-loft for a penny, at another had a breakfast off oatcake brick-bats for three-halfpence, and at a third, saved all expense by dining off a couple of stolen turnips. He is properly indignant when he has to relate how the owners of an English yacht, having touched at points of the coast, spent rather more than he was prepared to spend, and thus raised the market for him. He stigmatizes their lavishness by saying that at these places he came upon "the trail of the travelling snob." This parade of economy proclaims the man. A gentleman spends his money quietly, satisfied with modest and cheap fare, prepared to do as Rome does when he comes in the way of luxury. A bagman revels in the thought that he is spending money. He jingles the loose coin in his pocket, shows how fine he is by cursing simple people for not cheating him, and lets the world know that he is accustomed to the best of things wherever he goes. Midway between the two stands what we may call the honest clerk. He has a pride in economy as the bagman has in prodigality. When he and his fellows meet, they cap each other with telling how little they have spent, just as a party of bagmen vie in proclaiming how much they have squandered. The pride of economy is, however, much the nobler feeling. It is better to be rather small in your sources of self-satisfaction than to be vain of constantly pampering the flesh. In the annals of these midway travellers, Mr. Williams will doubtless attain, as he deserves, a high place. At the same time, we must remember that he is liable to be eclipsed in his own line. Still ruder countries may be explored with still less incumbrance. It is not impossible that

the memory of *Through Norway with a Knapsack* may fade before the fame of "Through Mesopotamia with a Toothbrush."

The next thing on which Mr. Williams prides himself is his activity. He really was uncommonly active. He was a capital walker, and was courageous enough to walk in very dangerous places, and to trust to himself to find his way across country. When he got wrong he could sleep out of doors, and he went on with steady perseverance in his long lonely rambles. He seems to have many of the qualities which a pedestrian traveller most needs. He could make himself at home with every one; he did not care for accommodation or food; he could wash his own shirts; he could sketch well, row well, and sail well. In fact, he is evidently a fine, bold, spirited young tourist. The whole manner in which he views the pleasures and braves the penalties of out-of-door amusements shows how much he and the class he represents rise above the class of tourists beneath them. His delight in nature and his power of enjoying her is manifestly sincere and genuine. We cannot doubt that his mental position is a proof that the influence of the higher literature of the day really penetrates the thoughts and colours the existence of a very wide circle. Fifty years ago such a tourist as Mr. Williams would have been impossible. Railways and the general increase of wealth have brought the class into existence; but, above all, they have been formed by the easy access they enjoy to the best books, and especially the best romances that are published. The complacency with which Mr. Williams recounts the victories he has obtained over his appetites while getting himself into condition, his pleasantries at the expense of those who do not wear a beard, and his anxiety that other people should join him in wondering at his physical prowess, are traits that closely connect him with the most popular heroes of modern fiction. If these feelings have not been altogether suggested by his acquaintance with current romance, he has certainly been encouraged by what he has read to clothe them with words. There is nothing, we feel sure, exaggerated or fictitious in his accounts of his exploits. He really did what no one but a strong and determined man could do, but he would scarcely have expressed in print the satisfaction he felt had he not thought that he was warranted by the example of the novels that had taken possession of his mind.

Lastly, Mr. Williams is proud both of what he knows and of what he does not know. He has picked up a little science, and being a person of intelligence and mental activity, he brings it to bear on what he sees, and freely indulges in scientific speculations on the chief objects of Norwegian scenery. He is ready to give his opinions on anything that occurs to him. He finds it equally easy to tell us what was the origin of the English language, and to describe the formation of glaciers. The dissertation on glaciers strikes us as decidedly clever. Mr. Williams, in penning it, wrote about objects directly submitted to his view, and he is evidently capable of exercising a great deal of ingenious thought on the facts of nature. He does not go very deep, but he has striven to make clear to his mind the conceptions with which he approaches the investigation of phenomena. But his satisfaction in what he does know is not nearly equal to that which he feels in his ignorance. Above all things he is proud, or at least says he is proud, of not understanding the classical languages. He seems to consider it a cause of great thankfulness that he has been guided in the right road, and instead of learning about the "amours of Jupiter and Co." has been taught to give his time to geology and mathematics. We are puzzled to say whether this thankfulness is assumed or is really felt. On the one hand, we might naturally suppose that Mr. Williams says to himself in his inmost heart, "Here am I, an economical, clever, most active, much-walking young man, with a good beard. It is very hard on me that, with all I am, and with all I have got up, I should yet be deficient as compared with persons of good education." The vexation this reflection would cause might naturally exhibit itself in an attempt to show that the deficiency did not exist. On the other hand, it is not impossible that Mr. Williams is so honestly content with himself that he fully believes that what he does not know is not worth knowing; and he may really suppose that the classical languages contain nothing else than the amours of Jupiter and Co. Either way he completes, by this indication of his character, the picture of the midway traveller.

We think that we all have reason to respect and admire the English "honest clerk" sort of tourist. We must not expect too much from him. We must remember that all he knows has been learnt with some difficulty, and that the efforts he has made to form himself are naturally brought very frequently before his mind. When due allowance has been made, we come at last to the fact that he has tried very hard and very successfully to cultivate body and mind—that he has gained a power of making himself acquainted with what nature has to show him, and also of relishing what he sees. A nation has attained a very satisfactory result of its moral and intellectual labours when it sends such a man as Mr. Williams to Norway. There is no one point in which we can more definitely show a superiority of England to France than in the contrast between our honest clerk on his travels and a French clerk, however honest, on his travels also. The physical activity, the self-reliance, and the high moral tone of our man are infinitely to be preferred to the qualities usually visible in the second-class French traveller. As a symptom of national life and manners, Mr. Williams's book is one that gives constant pleasure to a reader who looks on it

* *Through Norway with a Knapsack.* By W. Matthew Williams. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1859.

from that point of view. It would also be great injustice to omit to say that it tells us some new facts about Norway and the Norwegians, and that not only our amusement at the innocent vanity of the author, but also the fresh and cheerful way in which he writes, carries us pleasantly through his pages.

LIFE OF CLAVERHOUSE.*

WE do not envy the Lord Macaulay of the future. The present worthy holder of the title has evoked by his potent wand a host of contradictory spirits which it will be a very troublesome matter to lay again, and whose revelations on earthly things have materially disturbed the current of history. Of these the most formidable, perhaps, is Mr. Paget, and certainly the most wrathful is Mr. Mark Napier. He has already vindicated, with some success and with much sarcasm and asperity, the fair fame of the Marquis of Montrose, and he is now rendering a similar service to the memory of John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee. In many respects this latter vindication is a more difficult task than the former; for the "Great Marquis" had only political opponents, who admitted his personal gallantry and his genius for guerilla warfare; whereas the name of Claverhouse has always been associated with wanton cruelty, and with deeds that neither political nor religious zeal would justify. Among the instruments of ecclesiastical tyranny John Graham stands pre-eminent by very general consent. Mr. Napier now comes forward to show that the charges against him are "not proven." Mr. Napier grounds his vindication of this ill-used gentleman, as he alleges, on two bases—the one negative, the other positive. He denies the truth of Wodrow's and Kirkton's narratives, and stigmatizes the Cameronian accounts of the sufferings of the persecuted in Scotland as gross and inconsistent fictions. He affirms that in the Queensberry Papers, to which, "through the liberality of the Duke of Buccleuch he has had unlimited access," is contained a true version of the history of those times, so far as Claverhouse played his part in them. The ground taken is a fair one, since it is not contrary to experience that the chroniclers of a party, especially of a religious one, should lie; and it is possible that papers written without any view to publication may contain the truth.

The memory of Viscount Dundee owes more to fiction than to history for its preservation. The song of "Bonnie Dundee," the Jacobite minstrelsy, and *Old Mortality* have spread his fame into all lands, for Scott's novel has been translated into nearly every European tongue; but the arena in which he fought was a narrow and a local one, not entitling him to be ranked among great soldiers, or even to stand beside the Graham of Montrose. Except to professed students of the ecclesiastical annals of Scotland—never, we imagine, a very numerous class—the name of Claverhouse was long as little attractive as that of his brother Cameronian-hunter, Dalzell. The crimes and misdemeanours laid to his charge slumbered in the dull folios of Wodrow, or were buried beneath the masses of Cameronian pamphlets that reposed on the shelves of the Advocates' Library. At length a potent wizard made these dry bones live. John Graham's first resurrection was in *Old Mortality*, where he is the proper Achilles of the story, *impiger, iracundus, inextorabilis, acer*; and so deeply impressed was Scott's imagination by the chivalrous qualities and the chequered career of Dundee, that he again introduced him in Blind Willie's dream in *Redgauntlet*.

Mr. Mark Napier takes the field against all comers against the great novelist for giving any countenance to the cruelties of Claverhouse, though he assigns him most of the virtues of a Knight Paladin; and against Charles Fox, Mr. Burton, and Lord Macaulay, for having contemplated his hero through the distorting optics of Kirkton and Wodrow. In the pages of fiction and history he bears an evil repute—in those of his recent biographer he has the soldierly and scholarly properties of a Bayard. This is a puzzling position for the critic of both history and fiction. Either party "hopes," with Madame Overdone's Clown, "here be truths." The evidence on each side bears a striking resemblance to that given by medical practitioners in poisoning cases. "The man died of arsenic," says Hippocrates. "There is no more arsenic in his stomach," says Galen, "than I could extract out of a haunch of mutton a month old."

We suspect the truth to lie between these extremes. There is no reason for thinking Wodrow veracious—there is some reason for qualifying Mr. Napier's eulogy with grains of salt. Ecclesiastical historians, from Eusebius downwards, have never been remarkable for impartiality. But the historian of a sect is even more liable to this infirmity than the chronicler of a Church. The Greek, Roman, and Anglican communions are folds sufficiently spacious to admit of some black sheep. A sect few in numbers and feeble in organization has no such privilege. Its hands must be milk-white—its panthers must be purged of spots. Its very existence depends on the superior virtues, the unexceptionable doctrines, the unparalleled sufferings of its members; it can afford no Achans in its camp; its soldiers must be as free from blame or suspicion as that scanty band which followed Gideon against the Moabites. And in nothing has the *perferendum ingenium* Scotorum displayed itself more conspicuously than in its theological dissensions. Hard as it is to discriminate between the virtues of

the early Christians as asserted by themselves, and their vices as imputed by pagan writers, it is yet more difficult to strike the balance between the merits and the errors of the Scotch who persecuted or suffered for a creed. Their Church reformation was of extra-sanguine hue; and the *odium theologicum* was yet further inflamed by political antipathies. Cardinal Beaton was hated equally as an ecclesiastic and a Minister of State. Wishart and John Knox were equally obnoxious to the Court party as preachers of heresy and radicalism. When, therefore, Wodrow and Kirkton denounce the crimes of their persecutors, we must place one half of their acerbity to the account of religion, and the other to that of politics; and as men seldom quarrel seriously with their fellows in the mass on any other questions—though individually they sometimes fall out about their lands, their wives, or their game—wary walking and much allowance must be employed in reading and sifting such narratives as those which have been published in the present century by the "Wodrow Society."

If contemporary records be the most entertaining to read, they are also the most dangerous to trust. "Give me," says Charles Lamb, "a partial old historian, like Burnet, before all the special pleading and smooth insincerity of such writers as Gibbon and Mr. Roscoe." Yet from *ex parte* statements and cunning glosses of facts contemporary historians are no more exempt than those who sit down to compose their narratives centuries after the motives for wrath, fear, and favour have passed away. Wodrow was at once acrimonious and credulous. He distrusted whatsoever was written in the books or manuscript memoirs of the Church party—he believed whatever the Cameronian pamphleteers or journalists were pleased to tell him. All who took to the hills for the persecuted Covenanters' sake were white as driven snow—all who rode, booted and helmeted, after the fugitives were children of Amalek and of perdition. Wodrow, moreover, as Mr. Napier observes, increases our suspicions of him by constantly ushering in his saints and martyrs with a set formula. He appears to have had this sort of characters stereotyped for the nonce, and *vice versa*. "Mr. Shields," he says, "was a minister of extraordinary talents and usefulness; he was well seen in most branches of valuable learning; of a most quick and piercing wit, and full of zeal and a public spirit; and of shining and solid piety." He further characterizes him as "a successful, serious, and solid preacher, and useful minister in this Church; moved with love to souls, and somewhat of the old Apostolic spirit." Here was apparently a Phoenix. Yet "nemo est ab omni parte beatus." Even Alexander Shields had his human infirmities, among which was a slight infusion of perjury and a strong relish for Lynch-law. Thus he writes of the murder of Archbishop Sharp:—

That truculent traitor, James Sharp, the Arch-prelate, &c., received the just demerit of his perfidy, apostacy, sorceries, villanies, and murders—sharp arrows of the mighty and coals of juniper. For, upon the 3rd of May, 1679, several worthy gentlemen, with some other men of courage and zeal for the cause of God and the good of the country, executed righteous judgment upon him, in Magus Muir, near St. Andrews.

We do not complain of Mr. Napier's distrust of a writer who could thus exult over the assassination of an aged man in the arms of his daughter, but Wodrow's defects as a chronicler do not establish Claverhouse's character for righteousness. We have not, indeed, the whole case before us, for Mr. Napier promises a second volume in defence of his hero, and, until it appears, judgment is necessarily arrested. Neither, though the biographer has shown that the Cameronians abused their victories—slaughtering prisoners after surrender, putting defenceless women and children to the sword, and extracting such information as they needed by torture—does this counter-statement absolve the myrmidons of the Crown and Lauderdale from the crimes alleged against them. Whence is derived the probability that the Life Guardsmen of Charles II. were disposed to lenity? Many of them were old enough to remember, at least, the risings of the royalists under the Protectorate, and had smarted under the strong hand by which they were put down. Many of them had been with Kirke at Tangier to learn what humanity they could from the surrounding Turks and Moors. The foes to whom they were opposed in Scotland were the sort of people to excite the contempt and aggravate the cruelty of "captains and colonels and men-at-arms." They were rebels; they were schismatics; the powers that be had declared against them; and Sergeant Bothwell was not the man to compare the Westminster Catechism with the Thirty-nine Articles, to put the words of Archbishops and Bishops in competition with those of the Reverends Rumbleberry or Kettledrumle, or to hesitate between the commands of Charles Stuart or John Balfour of Burley. In spite of misadventures at Drumclog, the trooper saw in the hill-folk an undisciplined rabble, "handling their guns like crow-keepers," and steady only when well entrenched behind shaking moss and turf ramparts. Any particular chariness of life or limb, or any reluctance to employ thumb-screws or lighted matches against such delinquents, is at least as problematical as the immaculate virtue of Mr. Alexander Shields or Mr. James Mitchell, who, though "called and chosen," seems to have erred like Samson in the matter of Dalilah.

We think, however, that Mr. Napier has made this point in his argument good. He has shown that Charles Fox, when collecting materials for his *Life of James II.*, was hasty in accepting Wodrow as a credible witness, and that Mr. Burton and Lord Macaulay have unadvisedly repeated Fox's error. We are disposed to think that Sir Walter Scott, though unaware of

* *Memorials and Letters illustrative of the Life and Times of John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee.* By Mark Napier. Vol. I. Edinburgh: Stevenson and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1859.

the treasures in the Duke of Buccleuch's possession, and unconscious, therefore, that Dundee had his own good word and that of his friends and employers to back him, has put into Claverhouse's own lips a very fair appreciation of his own character. The life and spirit of the words will perhaps excuse a citation from *Old Mortality* :—

"Froissart's chapters," said Claverhouse to Morton, "inspire me with more enthusiasm than even poetry itself. And the noble Canon, with what true chivalrous feeling he confines his beautiful expressions of sorrow to the death of the gallant and high-bred Knight, of whom it was a pity to see the fall, such was his loyalty to his King, pure faith to his religion, hardihood towards his enemy, and fidelity to his lady-love! Ah, benedicite! How he will mourn over the fall of such a pearl of knighthood, be it on the side he happens to favour, or on the other. But, truly, for sweeping from the face of the earth some few hundreds of villain churls, who are born but to plough it, the high-born and inquisitive historian has marvellous little sympathy—as little, or less, perhaps, than John Graham of Claverhouse."

If we might venture to suggest—and the suggestion may be for the benefit of his argument and his hero—a few considerations to so angry a writer as Mr. Napier, they should be that he would admonish, instead of railing at, Lord Macaulay and Mr. Burton; that having once proved Kirkton and Wodrow untrustworthy, he drop their names from his pages; that he discard from his second volume all such scolding sentences as disfigure his first, and above all things bear in mind his own protests against the spleen and predilections of historians. If John Graham turn out to be a second Hector of Troy, so much the better for his memory here and the repose of his soul hereafter. We shall be glad to welcome him into the company of such brave and humane warriors as Bayard and the Black Prince, the great Gustavus and the placable Cromwell. But he cannot be hailed into this worshipful society. If the sober truth contained in the Queensberry chests do not reinstate him, all the declamation in St. Stephen's or all the pleading in Westminster Hall will not wipe off his scutcheon the style and title of "Bloody Clavers." And lastly, we recommend to Mr. Mark Napier's serious attention a story from the records of Alexandrian literature. Among the Fellows of the Museum was a certain learned but angry writer of biographies, whom his parents named Stilpon, but whom his acquaintances nicknamed "the Wasp." Stilpon's writings are lost for ever; neither Photius nor Stobæus has preserved a line of them; but his nickname has survived as a warning to all who, in a mistaken zeal for truth, dip their pens in gall. Would the champion of Dundee like to be known to posterity as the Scottish "hornet?"

J A P A N.*

PASCAL somewhere indulges in the characteristic reflection, that "Curiosity is only vanity, the apparent desire of knowledge in reality nothing more than a desire to display our knowledge. Who," he says, "would travel, if he were bound always to keep silence on the subject of his travels, for the mere pleasure of seeing without any hope of ever communicating?" Curiosity being nothing but vanity, it is by a very subtle touch of nature that Mr. Tennyson's Ulysses connects his "always wandering with a hungry heart" with the fact that he has "become a name." Herodotus reading (if he ever did read) his history to assembled Greece at the Olympic Games attained the object which he had proposed to himself in his journeys. Raleigh and Gilbert, and the "Company of Gentlemen Adventurers" of Elizabeth's reign, with the other English worthies of whom the publications of the Hakluyt Society and Mr. Kingsley's novels have revived or re-glorified the memory—Mungo Park and Abyssinian Bruce at a later time, Brooke and Ruxton in our own day—were, on the same showing, mere vulgar candidates for notoriety. The paradox is one of those misanthropical interpretations of innocent or honourable feelings which are too frequent in the *Thoughts* of Pascal, and which, if they stood alone, would almost justify our applying to him his own aphorism, *Disneur de bons mots, mauvais caractère*. That the desire to share knowledge is a selfish feeling, that it has its origin in the egotistic and not in the social and sympathetic side of our nature, is an assertion of which the very statement is a sufficient refutation. As applied to the great travellers of an earlier time, and the one or two men of later date on whom their mantle has fallen, it is a sheer calumny. The spirit of Pascal's remark applies, however, with too much correctness to the great bulk of modern fashionable tourists, who "do" Rome and the Rhine, Mont Blanc, or the Pyramids, in order to say that they have "done" them. Traveling is seldom now a passion, a vent for the restless spirit of adventure—it has become a branch, and not the least profitable one, of the great art of book-making. The chief exceptions to this rule are to be found in the works of military and naval men. On the whole, they form by far the best of their class. Unlike most literary voyagers, their authors have generally the courage to be independent of McCulloch and Murray. Disciplined by their profession to a spirit of adventure, to a quick and shrewd observation of men and things, and to a power of readily adapting themselves to circumstances—passing incessantly from place to place, and thrown in rapid succession into contact with various societies, into which their official position gives them easy entrance—they not unfrequently unite to superior opportunities a superior faculty of using them.

* *A Cruise in Japanese Waters*. By Captain Sherard Osborn, C.B., Royal Navy. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood and Sons. 1859.

Captain Osborn's *Cruise in Japanese Waters* possesses many of the qualities just hinted at. Without troubling himself unduly as to the statements of his predecessors, Siebold, Kämpfer, Golownin, and the Jesuit missionaries, whom, however, he does not neglect—with no ambition to show himself well-read—he is content to put down principally what he himself saw, felt, and did; and he does so in a lively, graphic, and, but for a trifling infusion of "fast" writing, we should say, unaffected manner. His very mistakes give us confidence in him. Thus, when he says (p. 47) of the people of Japan, "that it was impossible not to recognise in their colour, features, dress, and customs, the Semitic stock whence they must have sprung; but they differed much, physically and mentally, from that cold-blooded race," this startling piece of ethnology proves, at any rate, that he does not write at second-hand, that he has abstained from all dictionaries and encyclopædias, and such ordinary sources of information—that he is perfectly innocent, in short, of that "index-learning" which, according to Pope,

turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail,

and which, under the more dignified title of a "knowledge of reference," Lord Malmesbury has pronounced to be identical with "knowledge itself."

Captain Osborn's ship, the "steam-frigate *Furious*, 16 guns," after nearly a year's weary service in the Chinese rivers, was deputed, to the great delight of its commander and crew, to form one of the squadron which in August, 1858, conveyed Lord Elgin to Japan; and on board it the Ambassador and his suite were embarked. Captain Osborn's estimate both of Chinese and of Anglo-Chinese society is not a high one. We are not, however, concerned now with Chinese affairs. The period over which the contents of the work before us extends is rather less than a month, and of this the greater part was spent, not in Japan, but in the Japanese waters. Its value consists, therefore, more in the general impressions it conveys of the people of Japan than in any specific information it contains in regard to them. Captain Osborn's estimate of them is highly favourable. The beauty of the country, which rouses him to enthusiasm, contrasts strikingly with the dull monotony of Chinese scenery. The character of the inhabitants, frank, courteous, and good-humoured, eager to welcome foreigners and to learn from them, and (no slight matter as regards the comfort of a foreign visitor) scrupulously clean in their persons and dwellings, is in all these particulars directly opposed to that of their Mongol kindred in the Celestial Empire. Shut out, since 1637, from all intercourse with foreigners—the Dutch and Chinese forming only partial exceptions—prohibited from ever quitting their country, or, having escaped, from returning to it under penalty of death, their quick intelligence constitutes them an exception to the general truth that "home-keeping youth have ever homely wit." It is, however, in the mechanical arts that they principally excel. Captain Osborn pronounces that their telescopes are as good as "real Dollonds," while their time-pieces might be mistaken for Mr. Dent's. Their shipbuilding and practical seamanship earn his commendation. In illustration of their anxiety for scientific information, he relates an anecdote of a Japanese who travelled overland a journey of more than forty days to propound to a Dutch official—who was Captain Osborn's informant—the problem:—"Explain the means by which the hourly variations of the barometer may be registered by means of a photographic apparatus." "A charming contrast," observes our author, "to the stolid Chinaman, who smiles blandly at some marvel of Western skill or science, and calmly assures you that his countrymen 'hab got all the same that, Pekin side.'" Their ingenuity, however, seems to be wholly of a mechanical and imitative kind. Of any properly artistic feeling they appear to be wholly destitute, as the character of their architecture and their ignorance of perspective show. The further acquaintance with the Japanese which is certain to ensue when Lord Elgin's treaty comes into full operation, will, no doubt, clear up many apparent anomalies in the institutions, customs, and character of this extraordinary people. Like the Siamese, they rejoice in two Emperors—one spiritual, the other temporal. This, however, does not involve a separation of the temporal and spiritual authority, for neither of the Emperors has any authority at all. The great constitutional principle, which the French had so much difficulty in enforcing on their Monarchs after the Restoration—*Le roi règne et ne gouverne pas*—has been carried out in Japan with a completeness without parallel. The two Emperors, shut up for life within the walls of their respective palaces, are as merely symbols as the crowns they wear. The other great constitutional principle of a division of powers, of the check and counter-check of authorities, is equally developed. Every office is doubly filled, and each official reports upon the conduct of the other. The following is only one of many instances of a similar kind selected by Captain Osborn. In an interview of the Japanese Commissioners with Lord Elgin—

Each Commissioner had a scribe, who, upon his behalf, wrote down, most minutely, all that was said and done during the interview; then there was a Government reporter, who wrote his version of the same story; and, besides this, there was an individual, who was all eyes and ears, to report verbally upon both scribes and Commissioners.

American distrust of official probity scarcely goes so far as this. The Japanese, according to Captain Osborn, are "a nation of Captain Cuttles," "making a note" of the proceedings of every

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one else and of each other. Yet in spite of this universal system of espionage—if anything so open can be called espionage—their natural character seems to be the reverse of suspicious or distrustful. Perhaps, from the difficulty of concealing anything, they have nothing to conceal. Their social institutions present an odd, and to us unintelligible mixture of the feudal system of mediæval Europe and a system of castes as rigid as that of the Hindoos. The condition of women in Japan is not less anomalous than all else. In a country in which concubinage is universal, and prostitution not only a recognised, but a respectable profession—the practitioners of which, like the Greek *ἑταῖραι*, “are said to be the best educated and most polished women in Japan,” whose “society is not shunned by any one, whether ladies or gentlemen”—the influence and consideration of women generally, unlike that of the “unemancipated females” of Athens, is very high, and their rational freedom as little restricted as in modern Europe. The industry, contentment, and prosperity prevalent throughout Japan—the almost entire absence of pauperism—and the literally universal diffusion of education—are more unequivocally pleasing features. The eagerness of the Japanese to acquire the arts and products of European nations gives promise of a large import trade. The only articles suited for export, according to Captain Osborn, are coal and copper. In earlier times, however, the precious metals formed a considerable portion of their trade with other countries. We can only hope that further acquaintance with the Japanese may confirm Captain Osborn’s high estimate of their natural character, which is so unlike what it would seem to be the direct tendency of their institutions to produce, and that the introduction of Western civilization may not have its too common effect among Asiatic races of teaching them new vices without weaning them of their old.

MORGAN’S BRITISH KYMRY.*

WE beg to inform all readers, whether Saxons or Cymry, that the Rev. R. W. Morgan, P. C. Tregynon, author of *Christianity and Infidelity*, &c. &c., has produced a work for the instruction of the Saxon and the delectation of the Cymric scholar. Let the latter, if he be a student of Zeuss’s *Grammatica Celtica*, dismiss from his mind the etymological speculations of that benighted philologist. The Cymry, whose name is generally supposed to be the plural of Cymro, Cymro, an Old Celtic *Combrog*, i.e., *conterraneus, compatriota* (cf. *Allobrox* *Allobrog-es*), were, according to Mr. Morgan, known around the shores of the Black Sea as Cimmerioi—in Caucasus, Armenia, and Bactria as Gomari—in the Baltic Chersonese, and Scandinavia, as Cimbri—in Italy as Chumbri or Umbri.† Of this Gomer or Kimbri race, which is “the primogenital family of mankind,” the Celtic races of France, Spain, and Ireland are the junior branches; for according to a passage which Mr. Morgan has discovered in Diodorus Siculus, the Kelts, though an ancient people, “are nevertheless but the children of the Kimbri.” The history of this great Gomer or Kimbri race constitutes, in Mr. Morgan’s opinion, “the grandest drama of old or modern times;” but to write the annals of the whole family would far exceed the powers of one life, and in *this world* we must be content with Mr. Morgan giving us the leading incidents in the history of the oldest branch, the Cymry—or, as he spells the word, Kymry—in our island.

“Each era,” says our author, “has been examined, and an estimate of its character formed by the light of its own facts, independent of the opinions, pro or con, of any preceding historian.” These luminous facts have, it appears, been derived from such standard sources as Remains of Druidic Philosophy, Sæge (*sic*) of Scandinavia, Denmark, and Iceland, Ancient Records of Gaul, Chronicles of Friesland, Sempronius, Servius In Virgilium, Cesar (*sic*), Dion (*sic*) Halicarnassensis, Autores Augustini, Remains of the Arthurian Era, Higgins’ *Celtic Druids*, Herbert’s *Cyclops*, Hindoo Mythology, and Archbishop Usher. Previously, however, to setting forth these and other authorities, Mr. Morgan, like some of the other great historians of the Gomer family—to which we may observe the Romans belonged, as well as the Trojans, Persians, Parthians, and Normans—lays down some general aphorisms as to historical evidence:—

Common sense points out that in writing history, no stricter evidence than each several era and its circumstances supply can be summoned, or indeed admitted, into court. The application of one indiscriminating standard of evidence to times and states of widely different conditions is an absurdity which can only end in destroying all history whatever—sacred not less than profane—a process worthy of a savage or a Goth, but to which every lover of truth and civilization must oppose a front of indignant resistance.

* *The British Kymry, or Britons of Cambria*: Outlines of their History and Institutions, from the Earliest to the Present Times. By the Rev. R. W. Morgan, P. C. Tregynon. Ruthin: Clarke. London: R. Hardwicke.

† In the third volume of the recent version of *Herodotus* (London, 1839), p. 187, the translator has also made the inexcusable blunder of identifying Cymry (= *Combrogēs*) with Cimbri. This is not the place for discussing the vexed question as to whether or not the Cimbri were Celts. The word Cimbri, however, seems cognate with *Cimberius*, an undoubtedly Gaulish name occurring in Cesar; and both these names may well be derived from the Celtic root *CIMB*, which is found in the Old Irish *cimbid*, “a captive” (gl. *vinctus*), Zeuss *G. C.* 1064, *cimbidi* (gl. *custodias*), Book of Armagh 189 b. If so, Cimbri might be rendered by *captives*; or, in a bad sense, *latrones*, an interpretation which agrees with the gloss in Festus; “*Cimbri lingua gallica latrones dicuntur*.” See also Plutarch, Mar. 11, and consider the distinctly Celtic names of two of the Cimbri leaders, Gaisoris, Boiorix.

In fact, Mr. Morgan might have added, if a Saxon deed or will thirty years old proves itself, a portion of Gomer history aged 3500 years and upwards must be regarded as the absolute truth itself.

The result of the whole process is, in Mr. Morgan’s words, what may be termed a British view of British history. Of this view we shall now humbly strive to give some distinct idea. Reverently passing over a table setting forth the genealogy of the Britonidæ, or royal line of Britain, from Gomer and Brutus, or Prydain, to Queen Vuddig or Boeddig, whom we ignorantly term Victoria, we come to the first Gomer history, and are introduced to the Cradle of Mankind. Novydd Nav Neivion, sometimes improperly called Noah, his sons and their families, settle round the roots of Ararat. The descendants of Ham set off by the sea coast of Palestine, and found the Egyptian Empire, form the Ammonitic race, and overspread Africa, while Shem’s children occupy Asia:—

The North and West remained the patrimony of Japhet, the eldest-born, and in right of such primogeniture, the Heir of the World. He had seven sons, each of whom became the Protal father of one of the seven nations that make up the great Japhetic race:—namely, Chomr or Gomer, the eldest, the father of the Kymry, or Cimbri; Magog, the father of the Magogidæ, or Scythians; Madai, the father of the Medes; Javan, the father of the Ionians or Hellenes (afterwards called Greeks); Tubal, the father of the Iberians, now called Spaniards; Meshech, or Mosoch, the father of the Moscovites, now more generally known as Russians; and Tiras, the father of the Thracians.

The accuracy of each of these statements is so obvious that we wonder Mr. Morgan should have thought it necessary to make assurance doubly sure with regard to one of them. So remarkable is the logicity of the passage in which he does so that we cannot refrain from laying it before our readers:—

If the Kymry are not the race of Gomer, then the eldest son of Japhet would be the only one of them who left neither name nor posterity. This could not have been, for Moses expressly records the sons of Gomer, and the promise of God was that “Japhet should be enlarged.” (Gen. ix. 27).

The little difficulty of deducing the tenuis *c* from the aspirate *ch*, or the medial *g*—Cymro from Chomr or Gomer—being so easily overcome, we may well expect Mr. Morgan to perform still more remarkable feats in etymology. His piercing eye detects at once the Kymric origin of Trebizond, Kars, Erivan, and Gumri; and the identity of the *Crimea* with the Caucasian *Cambria* will be denied by no one who reads Mr. Morgan’s argument. It seems to consist of an assertion that the present aspect of the country corresponds with that handed down in a British tradition only 3500 years old, an extract from a letter of the *Times* Correspondent relating chiefly to thermometers and thistles, and a glorification of the 3000 British Kymry engaged at Alma, at Inkerman, and in the assaults on Sebastopol.

The history of these Gomer matters is followed by a record of the Second or Trojan era. We fear that Saxon prejudice will refuse to accept Mr. Morgan’s elaborate account of Priam’s predecessors, of the origin of the Trojan War, and of the Trojan descent of the Britons, although this, he observes, solves all the otherwise inexplicable peculiarities in the British laws and usages. Suffice it to say, that after a valiant defence made by Hector, Troil, Sarph, and other Kymric chieftains, Priam was slain, and the command fell on Aedd, whom the Greeks ignorantly termed *Æneas*. Aedd set fire to the city to prevent its capture by the enemy, and then cut his way to the forest of Mount Ida. With the Dardanidæ and other Kymry, to the number of 88,000, he prepared to return to his ancestors in Italy, where he arrived safely, and married Llawen, daughter of King Latinus. The *Æneid* is “the epic of the British Kymry of Italy”—Virgil, of course, being a descendant of the Kymric conquerors of that country, and, as his writings everywhere evince, an initiated Bard; but the following remarks on the *Iliad* will, we fear, scarcely be accepted by non-Gomer modern scholarship, whose “subserviency and littleness” Mr. Morgan justly reprobates:—

Homer is one of the mutative forms of the word Gomer—the *g* being, under certain laws, dropped. The epic poem of the *Iliad*, or Fall of Troy, assigned to Homer, is a collection of the heroic ballads of the Bards of the Gomeridæ or Kymry, on the great catastrophe of their race in the East. It was originally composed in the Kymric or Bardic characters. These were afterwards changed by the Greeks into the Phenician, and in so doing they were compelled to drop the Kymric radical ‘Gw.’ Hence the metrical mutilation in the present Greek form of the *Iliad*. The ‘gw’ is the letter attempted to be restored by modern scholars under the name of the *Æolic* Digamma.

Mr. Morgan then gives us a succinct account of the Druidic religion, of which, Professor Max Müller should know, Buddhism is a “corrupted Asiatic or Semitic form.” Our author here displays an imposing familiarity with Arch Druids, milk-white bulls, monoliths, mistletoe boughs, draconic eggs, and Dr. Stukeley’s work on Stonehenge; but neither here, nor on the third or Roman era, can we pause, unless to direct the attention of future biographers of Cesar to an incident in his career hitherto unaccountably overlooked. We allude, of course, to his having instigated Murchau, a Regulus of Aquitania, to abduct Flûr, daughter of Mygnaeh Gôr, the dwarf, who had been engaged in marriage to Caswallon. The reckless immorality of Cesar’s private life does, as Mr. Morgan remarks with some severity, give colour to this statement, which is derived from the Triads. Future ecclesiastical historians, too, will be glad to learn that for three hundred years the voluntary offerings by which the primitive Church of Rome was supported were principally derived

from the Royal house of Britain; and Scottish antiquaries and agriculturists should be made aware that the territories of the Kymric Picts round Perth are "sown with massive obelisks and temples." Let us also draw attention to Mr. Morgan's brief but striking account of the founding of the Arthurian Empire, which, as is well known, extended from Russia to the Pyrenees—to his crushing exposure of the sources of Saxon history—and to his subtle insight into the ideas of the Norman Conqueror, who, being of the Gomeri race, doubtless regarded the winning of Britain at Hastings "rather as the recovery of his ancestral land from German usurpers than as the conquest of a foreign country." Gladly, too, would we quote the account of Owen Glendower's victory on Stallingdown, "during which the blood on Pant-y-wenol, which separates the two ends of the mountain, was up to the horses' fetterlocks" (*sic*), and speculate on the attractions which, in the autumn of 1404, induced "Dante, the Italian poet"—then at the age of 139—to pay his memorable visit to that prince "at Sycharth and Beddgelert." Noticeable, also, is the genealogical skill with which our Gomeri historian demonstrates that the Cecils, Raleigh, Milton, Cromwell, the Duke of Wellington, and General Picton, were Welshmen. But it would be cruel to delay the reader longer. We will only add that the remarkable book of which we have rendered some account is merely a compendium of a larger work, to be published, in royal octavo, by subscription—that subscribers will only have to expend one guinea in the purchase of so inestimable a production as this is sure to be—while for non-subscribers the price is inexorably fixed at thirty shillings. Economy and the interests of sound historical literature imperatively call on every true student to lose no time in placing himself in the former category.

And yet, on second thoughts, we cannot forego this opportunity of warning all Welsh scholars of the injury they are doing to their country by allowing its literature to be represented by such writers as "the Rev. R. W. Morgan, P. C., Tregynon." It is a fact, though scarcely credible, that at one of the recent Eisteddfodau, a prize was offered to the person who should pass the best examination in the rubbish noticed in the former part of this article. When will Welshmen leave off drivelling about Cimbri and Cimmerians, Bards and Druids, and give us accurate texts and translations of the best and oldest portion of the literature still locked up in Welsh MSS., of which the number is very great? Then, but not till then, we may hope that one of the great wants of the students of Indo-European philology and history will be supplied—namely, critical lexicons of the two leading Celtic dialects. Then, too, shall we have the Arthurian legends in their earliest attainable state, and be able to understand the development of that marvellously beautiful cycle of romance to which great Teutonic poets, such as Wolfram von Eschenbach and Alfred Tennyson, have devoted their highest powers. Then, perhaps, we shall find some more poems as vigorous and graceful as many of those printed by Mr. Stephens in his *Literature of the Kymry*—perhaps even some ballads worthy of being placed beside those by which Brittany is so honourably distinguished.

It would be wrong to suppress the fact that within the last twenty years somewhat has been done to supply the want here pointed out. Among modern archaeological works a creditable place is taken by the Rev. W. J. Rees' edition of the *Liber Landavensis* (Llandover, 1840), a book out of which Zeus quarried much valuable material, and which, with the exception of some glosses and verses preserved in this country, and at Luxemburg, contains the oldest monuments of the Welsh language that have yet been discovered. This book also contains some legends; one of which—the introductory recital to a grant of land—seems worthy of being glorified by the Laureate's verse. Let the reader judge:—

When King Teudric dwelt in his kingdom, holding peace and justice among his people, he cared less for temporal power than eternal, and made over his realm to his son Mouric, and began to lead an hermit's life among the rocks of Tintern. Now, while he was thus abiding, the Saxons began to invade his land, attacking his son Mouric in such wise that, unless Teudric should come to help him, he would be clean disinherited by the strangers. Concerning which Teudric said that when he held his realm he had never been vanquished by his foes, but had always been victorious; so that, when his face was seen in the forefront of the battles, forthwith the enemy turned and fled.

And one night the angel of the Lord said to him, "Go thou on the morrow to the help of God's people against the enemies of the church of Christ, and the enemies will turn their faces and flee, even to Pull Brochvail; and do thou stand armed in the forefront of the battle, and when thy face is seen and known, they will begin to flee as they have been used of old. And afterwards, for the space of thirty years, they will not dare in thy son's time to approach thy country, and the serfs and heritors will abide in quiet peace; but thou shalt be wounded by a single stroke in Tintern Ford, and thou shalt die in peace after three days."

And so on the morrow he arose, and the army of his son Mouric drawing nigh, he mounted his horse, and went with them joyfully, according to the angel's command. And he stood armed in the forefront of the battle, above the banks of Wyg, hard by the ford of Tintern; and when his face was seen, forthwith the Saxons turned their backs and began to flee. But one of them slung a lance and wounded him, even as had been foretold, and thereat he rejoiced as if spoil had been taken from a vanquished foe. Afterwards his son Mouric returned with victory and the captured prey, and besought his father to come with him. But Teudric spake thus: "I will not depart from this until my Lord Jesus Christ bear me hence unto the place I long for, where I have resolved to lie after death—that is, in the isle of Echni."

And on the morrow at dawn, two stags, yoked together and ready with his chariot, stood before his chamber; and the man of God, knowing that God had sent them, mounted the chariot-bier, and wheresoever they rested, there

* M. de Villemarqué states that Sir Robert Vaughan's library alone contains more than 170.

fountains flowed forth, until they came to a place near a meadow towards the Severn. And when they came thither, there flowed forth a most clear fountain, and his bier all brake in sunder, and straightway he commended his spirit to God, and bade the stags to depart, and there he remained alone, and after a time he gave up the ghost.—*Liber Landavensis*, pp. 133, 134.

Still more important are the late Aneurin Owen's edition of the Welsh laws (1841)—well employed by Ferdinand Walter in his *Das Alte Wales*, Bonn, 1859—and the three volumes of *Mabinogion*, printed in 1849, by the noble and accomplished lady of whom Zeus speaks as "Domina Guest, Cambra, femina doctissima et literarum hujus gentis et hujus ætatis inprimis gnara." Mr. Stephens' *Literature of the Kymry*, published in the same year, is also a sane and scholarly book. But with the exception of the Rev. W. J. Rees' *Lives of the Cambro-British Saints* (1853), this is all we can point to with any satisfaction. The ground of late has been scratched, not dug. The contents of the Black Book of Carmarthen, a MS. of the 12th—13th century, have never been faithfully printed, though it contains many most curious poems, one the death-song of Geraint the Red—the "Prince Geraint" of the *Idylls of the King*—which is attributed to Llywarch the Old, and begins:—

Pan et anet Gereint oed agoret—pyrth nof.

Rodei Grist a archet;

Pryt mirein! Prydein ogonet!*

(When Geraint was born the gates of heaven were opened.

Christ granted what was asked;

A beautiful time! a glorious Britain!)

Let us also commend to Welsh scholars the Book of the Bruts (Chronicles) in the British Museum, the unpublished portion of the Red Book of Hergest, in the library of Jesus College, whence Lady Charlotte Guest derived many of her *Mabinogion*, and the Book of Landevi-Brevi (dated 1346) in the same library, with its literal translations of accessible Latin works. These should all be printed, and then wrought carefully into a dictionary of Middle-Welsh.

Let us hope that some, at all events, of these suggestions may be acted upon, and then that a Cymro, with the patriotic zeal of a Lhuyd, and the philological learning of a Siegfried or an Ebel, may arise to save his country from the shame of seeing her ancient language die away without its being illustrated by any of her own children.

HOW TO WRITE HISTORY.†

WE should hardly have thought the book before us worth notice if it were not a type of a class. Cheap literature—for the most part at once cheap and nasty—is one of the pests of the age. Everybody thinks he can write a book, and, strange to say, everybody seems able to find a publisher. History, in its various forms, is peculiarly open to the inroads of these unlicensed poachers. From scientific subjects men commonly shrink, unless they do know some little about them. Chemistry, astronomy, and geology are so palpably technical matters—it is so clear that a knowledge of them does not come by nature—it needs so much study to understand their mere phraseology—that a person wholly ignorant of them, unless he is a greater fool than usual, will leave them alone. But merely to record or to comment on the events of past ages seems within the power of every man. He only wants to read a little, and to use his common sense, and he may at once sit down and edify his neighbours by writing a book. Then, again, to review a book must be even easier than to write one. It does not even require to have read anything on the subject, perhaps not even the book to be reviewed. Hence, when the book is written, it is pretty safe to find admirers somewhere or other among the "gentlemen of the press." We do not expect to find the *Edinburgh Review* or any other of the Quarterlies devoting a special article to Mr. Brookes' *Manners and Customs of the English Nation*, and if the *Saturday Review* takes it in hand, it is chiefly with the purpose of pointing a moral; but we have no doubt, from experience of other cases, that if we were to rake through every newspaper and every magazine published in the United Kingdom, we should find a pretty considerable consensus extolling Mr. Brookes as a prodigiously learned man, who has produced a volume of amazing value and interest. Everybody, in short, thinks he can write, and, *à fortiori*, that he can review, an historical work. Everybody thinks himself a born antiquary—everybody who has the faintest glimmering of any one language besides his own thinks himself a born etymologist. That all these things are really scientific, that they need a special education just as much as any branch of physics or metaphysics, is what people will not understand. To learn history or antiquities there is nothing to be done but to read books. Everybody now-a-days can read a book. Mr. Grote or Sir Francis Palgrave can, after all, do no more. But what books to read, and how to read them, how to use your books when you have read them, how to acquire the faculty of really understanding and judging of past events—all these things form a very hard scientific training, of which the outer world knows just nothing at all. Hence we are flooded with an amazing mass of books for children, books for the young, books for the people, which, at the very best, are worthless, and,

* See the facsimile of this passage given in M. Villemarqué's *Rapport sur une mission littéraire accomplie en Angleterre*. Deuxième partie. (*Archives des Missions Scientifiques*. Vol. v. Paris. 1856.)

† *Manners and Customs of the English Nation, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Present Time*. By John Brookes. London: James Blackwood.

in a vast number of cases, are worse than worthless. This will never be stopped till some of our really great writers condescend to write a few children's books or popular books. We are by no means sure that it will be stopped then. Though learned men may write, sciolists will probably continue to write also, and the public will not be able to tell that the learned new books are better worth reading than those of the sciolists. Still, it would be something to be able to direct a forward child or an inquiring workman to a book really suited to his wants, instead of having to choose between utter rubbish and books which are commonly beyond the purse, the time, and the comprehension of those who ask for knowledge.

Popular writers of the sort we have in our eye have commonly not the least notion where to go for materials. To consult really original authorities seldom comes into their heads. To them a modern compilation is worth quite as much as a contemporary writer. Of course for the ordinary reader the judgment of a first-rate modern scholar ought often to be enough. There are many persons whom it behoves to know something of history, but for whom it may well be conclusive that Bishop Thirlwall or Mr. Hallam say so and so. But then these are people who are only called upon to be readers and not to be writers. A man has no business to write unless he goes to original authorities. We do not say that in smaller and lighter works every statement need come directly from original sources; and even in the deepest writings a man may often fairly use secondary authorities for matters purely illustrative. A writer of English history, who had incidentally to mention some point in the history of Russia, might be fairly excused for satisfying himself with Karamsin, and not diving into Nestor on his own account. But here lies the difference. A man who is really accustomed to use original authorities thereby learns how to use secondary authorities also. He acquires a sort of tact by which he can judge how far a secondary authority is to be trusted. Hence the judgment of a man who has worked some large portion of history in original sources will be by no means worthless even on those other portions which he reads (and some the most learned man must read) in secondary authorities only. But our popular writers not only do not write from original authorities—they do not even write from the best secondary ones. If they gave us mere abridgments of Grote, Hallam, or Finlay, we might be thankful. But they do nothing of the kind. They seem to write from one another in some extraordinary kind of way, till one does not know which is the elephant and which is the tortoise.

Writers of this kind are of course utterly incapable of judging as to particular facts, or as to the truth of contending statements. But they lie open to a deeper charge still. They are, by the necessity of the case, utterly wanting in the spirit in which past ages should be dealt with. There is a spirit of blind and stupid admiration, and there is a spirit of presumptuous and ignorant detraction. Both of these the real historian will avoid. Who has not sat patiently, at the local archaeological meeting, through the effusion of the local oracle—squire, parson, lawyer, or tradesman—whose spirit seems positively to cringe before every trace of the local baron or the local abbot? Who, again, has not taken up the pert effusion of the popular writer, brimful of contempt for everything in past ages which is not up to the latest standard of "progress" in the nineteenth century? Both these tempers are infallible proofs of ignorance. For the dull antiquary, "the donkey laden with books which he does not understand," is often as profoundly ignorant of what is really history as the most presumptuous caterer for railway-stalls. The man who really understands past times will be equally free from adulation and from contempt. He will see that the men of past ages were, on the whole, much the same as we are ourselves—some good and some bad, some wise and some foolish. He will, perhaps, conclude that the aggregate of vice and virtue is pretty much the same at all times, but that particular vices and virtues have their own ages and countries which are the scenes of their special manifestations. He will recognise, in English history at all events, the gradual advance of political and social improvement; but he will not despise those who laid the foundation because they did not finish the superstructure. The dreamy idolaters of our own Middle Age, and its ignorant and presumptuous depreciators, are equally removed from the true historical spirit. We gratefully allow that we see further than our fathers, but it is because we stand on our fathers' shoulders. In like manner, without in any way depreciating our noble selves, we expect that our children will see further than we do, because they will have the advantage of mounting upon our shoulders.

As for Mr. John Brookes, of whose "antecedents," as the penny-liners call them, we know nothing, we are not going to scourge him very severely. He is by no means the worst of his class. He is very ignorant and very stupid, and his enemies must have been delighted when he wrote a book. But we rather look upon his stupidity as among his good qualities. It is really a comfort to find a man who is simply stupid, and not flippant or impertinent. Mr. Brookes is very dull, and writes very bad English; but then mere bad writing becomes good by the side of fine writing. And, above all things, Mr. Brookes never attempts to be witty. He is, indeed, frightfully serious, and deals much in moral reflections of an obvious kind. Again, Mr. Brookes does seem to have read, or at least to have referred to, several very good books, both old and new. To be sure, he has not the least

notion of using them, nor does he seem to know that they are at all better than some other favourite authorities of his of which we never heard before. But then in these days it is really something to have seen their insides. Mr. Brookes has certainly made a vast mass of blunders; but though they lie thicker on the ground, we do not know that they are severally greater than some that have been given to the world under the authority of the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury. On the whole we rather like Mr. Brookes, and, if he will take us for his father confessor, we should not mind giving him a little good advice privately. We will therefore spare him that elaborate process of dissection which we reserve for more pretentious offenders. We will confine ourselves to a single extract, not a word of which do we think of disputing, though it certainly contains the very finest case of euphemism which we ever remember to have seen:—

Many people are not aware that the smock-frock worn by farmers' assistants and others, is a pure piece of Saxon costume; and it ought never to be superseded by the ugly and tasteless stiff-cut coats, &c., much in vogue in our time. The well-made smock-frocks, reaching to the knees, certainly look much better than any coats we ever saw the "labouring class" wear.

Very good, Mr. Brookes, but—

When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then "the farmers' assistant?"

LE MOINE DE CHAALIS.*

THE *Monk of Chaalis* is not, as its title might suggest, a thrilling romance of the school of Mrs. Radcliffe. There is little in it about dark avenues and gloomy cloisters, trap-doors and secret passages, treacherous plots and unexpected rescues. It does not conclude with blue flames and the discomfiture of the wicked, nor with a striking *tableau* illustrative of the triumphs of virtue. Neither, though its hero is a *religieux*, and the scene for the greater part laid in an abbey—though monks and novices, priors and lay-brothers, form a large proportion of its *dramatis personæ*, and the interior life of a convent is depicted—is it by any means a religious novel. It may be read without any stirring of popery or anti-papal sympathies. The believers in the *Female Jesuit* on the one hand, and the admirers of *Loss and Gain* on the other, the partisans of Father Gavazzi and the followers of Cardinal Wiseman, must be warned off from its pages. They leave the great question unsolved, and even unattempted, as to whether the Romish Church is the Babylonish lady or the spouse of Christ. The story is simply a French *novellette*, with more, perhaps, than the usual merits, and with not a little of the characteristic defects of its class. The tale, to begin with, is very well told, and is compressed within readable limits. It is far shorter than the one-volume novels which have now become a fashion with us, and may be got through without skipping, to which there is little temptation, during a long evening or a protracted railway journey. The conduct of the plot, and the subordination to it of incident and character, if not precisely artistic, show the skilled hand of the practised novel-wright. The period over which the action extends, from the year 1778 to the Reign of Terror, enables the authoress to fill her canvas with types of the various strongly-marked classes into which French society was then divided, whose dissensions prepared the way for the Revolution which reduced all their conflicting pretensions to the dead-level, first of Republican citizenship, afterwards of Imperial serfdom. We have the grand seigneur of the old *régime*—whose coldness and pride are redeemed by a chivalrous sense of honour "which feels a stain like a wound," and who knows how at once to avenge and conceal the shame brought on his house—and his modern rival of the *bourgeoisie*. Side by side with the keen, observant, and sceptical, but good-humoured and good-hearted woman of the world—the disciple of Voltaire and the Encyclopedists, whose convictions are summed up in the avowal, "Je crois en Dieu, et je nie la religion révélée"—is placed the devout and penitent female ascetic and recluse, who, instead of thinking "to sin and never for to saint," would atone for the infatuation of an hour by the sufferings of a life. The interior and inhabitants of the feudal château and of the rich parvenu's splendid hotel in the Rue Saint Honoré are effectively described and not too obtrusively contrasted. When we are introduced within the walls of the convent, the authoress's power in the conception and skill in the delineation of character are more strikingly displayed. The contrast of manner, class, and dress which sets off and symbolizes inner differences, and the clever painting of which is often made the substitute for any deeper insight, are here impossible. Beneath the uniformity of habit and modes of thought and feeling, as well as of vesture, superinduced by the monotony of monastic life, Madame Reybaud manages to suggest, with some subtlety, the original diversities of natural disposition and temperament that still lurk there smouldering but not extinguished. The benevolent but bigoted prior, the genial and garrulous master of the novices, and especially the atheistic monk, Père Timothée, are cleverly sketched. The mixture of puerile gossip and mystic slang in the novices, and the history of the gradual change of feeling in the young enthusiast, from the eager joy with which he takes his vows to

* *Le Moine de Chaalis*. Par Madame Charles Reybaud. Paris and London: Hachette. 1859.

weariness, discontent, doubt, disbelief, and intolerable loathing of the chains with which he has bound himself, are depicted with psychological skill. The old idiotic beggar, Genest, is a character which Madame Dudevant might have drawn. There is, moreover, plenty of incident in the story—an escape and a capture. Nor is the usual intermingling of a love element omitted, introducing the ordinary amount of entanglement and misunderstanding, rapture and despair, hope and disappointment. The convulsions of the Revolution, and the massacres of the Reign of Terror, are made dexterously enough to subserve the crisis and catastrophe of the story.

The *Monk of Chaalis*, however, in spite of its literary merits, is not a tale to be indiscriminately recommended. It is not, we are sorry to say, free from that equivocal sentiment—that taste for the anatomy of morbid passions—which infects, as with a subtle poison, the atmosphere of French romance. The basis of the story is an act of adultery committed by one of those saintly Magdalenes to be met with only in foreign novels, who, all simplicity and innocence to begin with, are perfected by error and devout penance into more than mortal purity and sanctity. The character of Cécile de Blanquefort might almost have been drawn to illustrate the chaste doctrine of the moral poet of America, Mr. N. P. Willis:—

I say that up to kissing, later even,
A woman's love may have its feet in heaven.

The conversation, short as it is, of the prior and the novice, and the indication of the feelings of the latter when he is interrogated as to his past observance and resolution to adhere for the future to the third of the monastic obligations, it would be harsh to call Shandian. It may, however, be truly described as Sandian. The same may be said yet more emphatically of the elaborate analysis of the feelings of the Monk of Chaalis at the years of opening manhood, under the influence of the sensuous imagery of the Song of Songs, and still more of the secret perusal of Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloïse*. Madame Reybaud is not so explicit as Madame Dudevant, who, in *Mauprat*, enters unsparingly into the dissection of her hero's passions on their animal side. She touches pitch with as little defilement as is possible in the nature of things. But that she should select such themes at all is a circumstance of which the significance ought neither to be overlooked nor exaggerated. In inferring the moral condition of a nation from the pictures of life drawn in its novels and theatres, we should consider that such sketches must generally, for the sake of effect, be heightened in colouring and, whether within or without the boundaries of probability, exceptional in incident. They do not represent the actual life of a people, but the ideal which pleases their imagination. Moreover, the novel-reading class is by no means identical with the public at large; and each "school of fiction" has its own section of this class to which it specially addresses itself, just as the several theatres of Paris, the Odéon, the Gymnase, the Variétés, and the Comédie Française have each their own characteristic order of entertainments and class of habitués. With all these qualifications, however, the publication of works of the tone of which the more equivocal parts of the *Monk of Chaalis* are a refined and comparatively inoffensive illustration, is a symptom of a morbid moral condition of the body politic which is not to be overlooked or lightly estimated.

We ought perhaps to state, in conclusion, that the *Monk of Chaalis*, which appears as if a new work from the industrious pen of its productive authoress, was originally published in 1843. Madame Reybaud no doubt supposes, and correctly, that sixteen years is an interval quite sufficient to make an old story as good as new. A fresh race of novel-readers has arisen in the meantime. Even the middle-aged frequenter of the circulating library, or the most inveterate student, from his youth upwards, of all the *feuilletons*, may re-peruse, without suspicion that he is engaged with an old acquaintance, a tale between the first and second readings of which so considerable a period has elapsed. Popular authors, both in England and France, would often consult their own interest and reputation if they published less, and judiciously re-published a little more frequently.

THE CYCLOPEDIA OF ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY.*

OUI, autrefois: mais nous avons changé tout cela, was the adroit answer of Molière's pretended physician, when a gross anatomical blunder was noted in his oration. Formerly, indeed, the heart may have been on the right side and the liver on the left, but *nous avons changé tout cela*. This amusing answer may be made in all seriousness by the well-instructed physician, when the established opinions of yesterday are cited in his presence. In most departments of inquiry knowledge mainly consists in the unlearning of errors—in none so much as in the science of life. The pathway of inquirers seems that of a *voyage en zigzag*. The vessel is for ever tacking, now on this side, now on that; nothing seems respected, nothing can remain established. Experiment contradicts experiment—theory reverses theory—contradiction goes round. It may seem at times as if the wise course would be to cease work altogether, and quietly await the time when the various workers shall have come

to a settled agreement, so that one need not painfully learn to-day what to-morrow will have to be unlearned; but if this discouragement occasionally steals over the student, he has only to remember that by the honest labour of many workers the Temple must finally be erected.

As a matter of fact, however, the advances of physiological knowledge are so rapid that a very few years suffice to make any book old, and it can then have little more than an historical interest. This fact must be taken into consideration as a very material deduction from the value, otherwise great, of the *Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology*, which at the close of a quarter of a century brings out its final volume. We wish to speak of this undertaking with all recognition of its usefulness and its excellence; but we cannot withhold the expression of what has been universally felt by subscribers—namely, that to wait a quarter of a century for five volumes on subjects incessantly undergoing modification from new researches, could never have entered the minds of those who thought they were to purchase a dictionary of the science. Nor is it the subscribers alone who have reason to complain loudly of this inexcusable delay. The public may complain that in consequence of this delay they have been deprived of a new edition or of another work. Had this publication been completed according to promise, we should by this time have had a new edition representing the present state of the science, or the field would have been open for a new undertaking; whereas we have now a work the first volume of which was published before the microscope had been extensively applied to anatomy, and before organic chemistry had made the discoveries which have materially aided physiology. The cell-theory, so important, and so constantly invoked on all hands, had not been heard of—the animal cell was but dimly suspected. Structural anatomy wanted a basis—embryology had only general principles. It is true that, inasmuch as the volumes have been so long delayed, the contributors have thereby been enabled to keep pace with the advances of science; and in the supplementary volume we find first-rate monographs, such as that on the *Ovum*, by Dr. Allen Thomson, the *Stomach and Intestines*, by Dr. Brinton, the *Tegumentary Organs*, by Professor Huxley, and the *Uterus and its Appendages*, by Dr. Arthur Farre, which represent the most advanced views on these subjects, as well as the original researches of their authors. But the work as a whole is somewhat antiquated, and, above all, does not represent any body of views, any period of knowledge, so that there is little harmony among the parts. It is a collection of articles more or less alphabetical in arrangement, written at different periods by different men. Who, for instance, would think on relying on the articles "Blood," "Bile," "Absorption," "Cellular Tissue," bearing the date of 1835? What would the writer of the article "Tegumentary Organs" think of the article "Cellular Tissue?"

Dr. Todd is aware of the complaints which his delays have occasioned. His excuses are far from shielding him from that blame which every editor must incur who suffers his engagements with the public to be broken by avoidable circumstances. Dr. Todd urges that some of his contributors "completely failed to fulfil their engagements." This was, no doubt, very exasperating, but it is an annoyance known to every editor. In other cases, the articles were not ready at the time appointed—this also is a known evil against which an energetic editor has to provide. Finally, Dr. Todd excuses himself on the plea that his private engagements created urgent and imperious claims on his time and attention. Here we have the key to the whole. If an editor is so careless of engagements with the public as to allow private affairs to absorb his time and attention, he cannot expect that his contributors will be more scrupulous. Dr. Todd had undertaken a task which he was either bound to carry through with all diligence and zeal, or else to relinquish into other hands. If the editor of a Quarterly Review suddenly take office, or find other engagements become too pressing, he at once gives up the Review. If Dr. Todd's professional engagements became numerous, what was there to prevent his appointing a successor? That his editorial services were valuable we do not for a moment dispute; but that the public would have willingly exchanged them for the services of an editor less occupied or more zealous, we think he must himself admit.

It is disagreeable to be forced to notice this matter; but though disagreeable, it is necessary. Literature must not be permitted to assume any latitude on points of minor morals, as if the ordinary responsibilities did not apply to it. Public confidence must not be abused; and all engagements must be fulfilled, no matter at what cost. Now that we have urged this objection to the work—namely, that it is not properly a dictionary of the science, representing its present state—we have nothing but praise to award it. As a collection of articles—many of them monographs of great ability—on most of the subjects connected with Anatomy, human and comparative, and with Physiology, it deserves a place on the shelves of all well-equipped libraries, and will for many years remain a store-house whither students and workers will repair for information. Mr. Newport's article, "Insecta," for example, will always remain one of the classical treatises on that subject. But it is invidious to specify articles where there are so many excellent. If a new edition of the work could be brought out with sufficient rapidity to ensure the necessary unity of views it would be an immense boon to the scientific student.

* The *Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology*. Edited by Robert B. Todd, M.D. London: Longmans.

THE ROMANCE OF THE RANKS.*

MORE than a year ago we called attention to a capital account, given by Mr. Connolly, of the services of the Sappers and Miners. It was a good story, and well told. No one could fail to be interested in the doings of such a vigorous, clever, determined set of people, or to be pleased with the unaffected and downright way in which they were described. Mr. Connolly, however, did not yet consider himself *functus officio*—he had fulfilled but half the duty which he owed to his former companions. Daring, energy, endurance, are not it seems their only characteristics. A sapper and miner has his social aspect, like every one else, and this, according to Mr. Connolly, is a very entertaining one. While arranging materials for his sterner narrative, he came across a number of lighter anecdotes relating to members of the corps; and these he has collected, and now produces for the public benefit. His story is no longer of "hair-breadth scapes in the imminent deadly breach," but of his comrades' exploits in their milder moments—of their gallant behaviour when under a heavy fire of bad puns, of the ingenuity with which practical jokes were manœuvred, or of bloodless sieges where nothing was in danger but the hearts of their countrywomen.

The result is, we are bound to say, rather distressing. Like most books which set out with the deliberate intention of being funny, the *Romance of the Ranks* strikes a calm melancholy upon the reader's mind. The wit is of the very mildest possible order; and of the stories, some are respectable only from their antiquity, and some so extremely disagreeable that we should have thought the first wish of any one who was unfortunate enough to come across them would have been to forget them again as speedily as possible, instead of treasuring them up for the purpose of inflicting them on one's fellow-creatures. And yet Mr. Connolly's book does not in the least provoke one's indignation. A thoroughly cheerful and good-tempered reader might even twist some amusement out of it. It is delightfully characteristic. Every sentence tells us the history of the author, as of a man who has successfully struggled up from hand work to head work, who has trained and taught himself, is justly proud of his acquirements, and revels in the new world to which he has fought his way. There is an evident relish in handling long words and difficult ideas, and a little innocent parade of learning, with which no one could have the heart to be angry. One cannot but feel kindly disposed towards the people who could be amused at the sort of fun which is the staple of the book, and who could *bona fide* believe it worth remembering and printing—their physical organization must be so healthy, their digestions in such good order, their character so simple, their temperament so buoyant and joyous. How strangely the more than manhood of the business side of their life contrasts with the complete childishness of their play hours! There is a sort of Homeric majesty in the union of such strength and innocence, such heroism and such playfulness. It is quite touching to think of men fulfilling all the duties of a very difficult and dangerous life with admirable courage and self-sacrifice, bivouacking on bleak mountain sides, scaling all-but-impossible heights, ready at any moment to be blown into the air, or die in the last ditch, and then coming home to laugh round their barrack fire over little baby stories, or amuse each other with the most dreary of practical jokes.

As might be expected, no inconsiderable space is occupied by the triumphs of the corps over the opposite sex. The Sappers and Miners are sad dogs, and as none but the brave deserve the fair, they are perhaps justified in paying their addresses in a rather more lawless and indiscriminate fashion than would be correct for less adventurous members of society. Now, it is a fortunate youth who knows how to combine piety and politeness, wins the affections of an heiress by offering her his seat in church, and is rewarded by blissful interviews in a jessamine arbour, till the dream of love is rudely ended by the appearance of Egeria's papa, ruthless, indignant, and armed with a blunderbuss. Now, it is the faithless Private Fraser, who, strong in the charms of raven locks, spotless accoutrements, and all the "sparkle and effulgence" that burnished buttons could confer, trifles with the happiness of three Woolwich ladies at once, and is very nearly brought to an untimely end by the reproaches of his victims—who, we suppose, had heard the famous trio in *Don Giovanni*, and learnt how, by combination, to make a delinquent lover thoroughly uncomfortable. Now, Avenell and Chanem, who disagree in everything else, concur in believing Effie the most adorable of her species—Effie, a blooming maiden, volatile, ringleted, irresistible. Effie thinks it just as well to have two strings to her bow, and lends an attentive ear to either amorous tale:—

For Avenell she entertained a high regard. He was gentle, coaxing, and even imperative in his pursuit. Yet Chanem was her choice. Towards him her sympathies were strong: he was a finer made man than Avenell, had a sharper intellect, straighter legs, and a better figure. Avenell had light, crispy hair—Chanem dark, with Byronic curls. Moreover he had a flashing eye that eclipsed the mild, ingratiating one of his less prepossessing rival.

Neither of them, however, was destined to be the happy man. Effie found a deeper passion; Avenell bowed to the stern decree of fate, and plodded through life a corporal and a bachelor; while Chanem, the dangerous creature, resolved to cure love by

ambition, carried his charms across the Atlantic, grew too proud for the service, "became a gentleman," and, when last heard of, was staying with a general.

Such stories tell one, at any rate, what a writer's ideal is, and what sort of man he thinks a fine fellow. There is a dash of devilry about Mr. Connolly's heroes. He is quite anxious that they should not be mistaken for saints, and recounts their misdeeds with evident pride and satisfaction. It is the tone of an excessively naughty child, pleased with itself for doing wrong, and a little inclined to be noisy and boastful about it. After all, this is a healthy, vigorous form of crime, quite the reverse of *blasé*, and much less offensive than the maudlin, regretful iniquity which explains itself by theories, and sins apologetically with tears in its eyes. It bespeaks youth, unconsciousness, superficiality of thought. What a strange light it throws on the conception, now-a-days so fashionable, of an ideal mechanic—that mysterious being, replete with calm wisdom, who spends his leisure hours in philosophical research, and is much too sharp to be taken in by any of the conventional ways of talking and believing. In the *Romance of the Ranks* we look for him in vain, and yet it tells us the every-day life of probably the most intelligent mechanics in the world. Not only are the men there described not philosophers, but it is easy to see how, if they came to leave their own *specialité* and to deal with subjects lying beyond their regular beat, their partial culture and narrow range of thought would be almost certain to betray them into insufficient or inaccurate reasoning; and how, from their very cleverness, they would be all the more likely to be the prey of the first charlatan who succeeded in catching their attention.

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